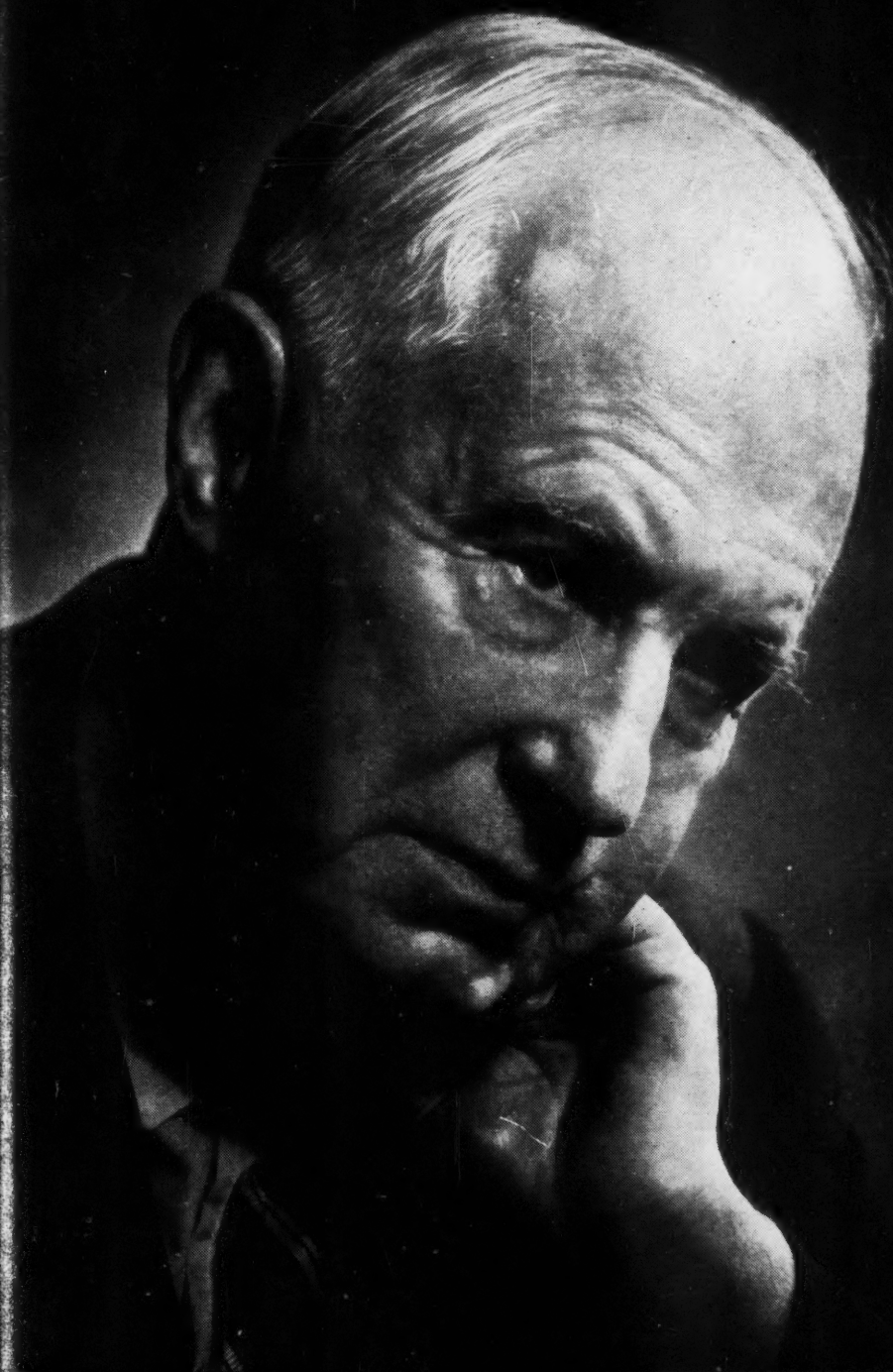


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# Saturday Night

VOL. 75 NO. 25

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## ARTICLES

### Quebec or French Canada

by Miriam Chapin, 11

### REPORT ON GERMANY:

#### Its Bark: The Superman Myth Returns

by John Gellner, 13

#### Its Bite: A Nation Under Arms Again

by Joachim Joesten, 17

#### Has Canada Too Many Trade Unions?

by Frank Drea, 19

#### Salesmen Don't Wear Striped Pants

by Peter Stursberg, 24

## DEPARTMENTS

### Books, 53 to 64

### Comment of the Day, 7

### Crossword, 39

### Films, 50

### Gold & Dross, 72

### Insurance, 66

### Letters, 2

### Medicine, 41

### Ottawa Letter, 28

### Point of View, 76

## INSIDE STORY

**THE COVER:** The late Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen. (See BOOKS).

Quebec or French-Canada? **Miriam Chapin**, expert on the affairs of the Province, discusses the possible wide-ranging effect of the establishment of a Department of External Affairs by Premier **Jean Lesage** and his Liberal Government.

Report on Germany: Two experts — **John Gellner**, SN's Contributing Editor on Military Affairs and **Joachim Joesten**, internationally-known correspondent — take a hard look at the emergence of Germany as a world power once more.

"Frankness and candor" by a section of Canada's labor leaders may result in a drastic realignment of the labor movement: reduction to 25 national unions from the present 138 regional, national and international organizations. **Frank Drea**, labor reporter for the Toronto *Telegram* explains what is involved in such a change, who the leaders are and where the opposition lies.

Spurred on by the "pep" of their new "sales manager", Trade and Commerce Minister **George Hees**, Canada's Trade Commissioners abroad have been taking a re-indoctrination course at the home office in Ottawa. But as **Peter Stursberg**, member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery, points out, the background of the corps is essentially diplomatic and "Salesmen Don't Wear Striped Pants".

**BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS:** A twelve-page special section devoted to the best current offerings of Canadian publishers. Reviewers and their subjects include: **Eugene Forsey**, Research Director of the Canadian Labor Congress on the biography of his long-time friend **Arthur Meighen**, by **Roger Graham**; **Arthur Lower** of Queen's University on **Frank Underhill's** (of McGill) *In Search of Canadian Liberalism*; **Charles Paul May** on Books for Children; **Arnold Edinborough** on **John Betjeman's** autobiography in verse; **R. M. Baiden** on **William Kilbourn's** history of STELCO; **Mary Lowrey Ross**, **John A. Irving** and others.

Added literary note: **Beverley Nichols** reports from London on the new and endearing custom of certain non-intellectuals. It is to read — in a loud voice, in the public houses — the four-letter portions of the newly-liberated *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

**President and Publisher**, Jack Kent Cooke; Vice-Presidents, Hal E. Cooke, Neil M. Watt, E. R. Milling; Circulation Manager, Arthur Phillips. **Director of Advertising**: Donald R. Shepherd. Branch Office, Suite 707, Drummond Building, 1117 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal. Representatives: New York, Donald Cooke, Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue; Chicago, Adrian Boylston, 520 South Prospect, Park Ridge, Ill.; Los Angeles, Lee F. O'Connell Co., 111 North La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.; San Francisco, Theodore B. Hall, Lee F. O'Connell Co., 681 Market St.; London, Eng., Dennis W. Mayes Ltd., 69 Fleet St., E. C. 4. **Subscription Prices:** Canada \$4.00 one year; \$6.00 two years; \$8.00 three years; \$10.00 four years. Commonwealth countries and U.S.A. \$5.00 per year; all others \$6.00. Newsstand and single issues 20c. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Published every second Saturday by Consolidated Press Division, 73 Richmond St. West, Toronto 1, Canada.

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## Letters

### What Gold Mine?

It's me again. You'll think I have nothing else to do than answer your "Point of View". As a matter of fact I have about three jobs but I just can't stand somebody shooting his big mouth off as has been the case in the last issues. But if this keeps up you better cut me in on the payroll.

A Gold Mine in Ontario Farming? [Point of View: SN Nov. 26]. My foot (and it's size 12)! Do you, or anybody, think that in the whole province all the farmers or the vast majority of them are just a bunch of fools and that we need a visiting fireman to tell us how to run our business and make money in farming? In his home country Graham has to have subsidies and a guaranteed market plus (by our standards) slave wages to make a go of it.

The holes in Graham's arguments:

(1) The price of buying in Spring and selling in fall looks more like this: buy 25 cts/lb, sell 21 cts.; you buy at 600 lbs. A gain of 300 lbs. for season is excellent (and rarely achieved!).

(2) (and this hole would take the *Queen Mary* with room to spare). On a \$60. per acre farm you can not pasture one steer per acre. You will come closer to three acres per head (70 head per farm of 200 acres).

(3) Interest on capital invested \$12,000 at 7%.

(4) Interest on livestock cost and feed at 6%.

(5) Insurance \$1 per head (approx).

(6) 200 lbs. of 10-10-10 per acre \$7.50 (what do they put on in England for \$3?).

(7) Machinery required: tractor, mover, harrows, fert. spreader; a min. of \$800 — when used. Deprec. and repairs on this. Plus hammermill (PTO-driven about \$250 — used, plus wagon \$200 ÷).

(8) It definitely is not a part time job. As far as the wife looking after 200 steers even on pasture, what a scream! I was over there for a while during World War II and by golly I haven't seen a girl that could have done it. But maybe they grow them different now.

From my own experience I would like to tell Graham and some rash soul who after reading your article will rush to buy 200 acres and live happily ever after just watching the wife do a little work in lieu of calisthenics what farming here is like.

I am now running a farm where the land would cost closer to \$200 per acre even if it was in the sticks. It is fully tilled and my last soil test by the OAC ran thusly from the best to the "worst" field which I planted to wheat and seeded to pasture:

"Best" — No fertilizer required; No lime required.

"Worst" — 0-20-0; 200 lbs/acre lime required.

(A farmer will know and I hope Graham understands.) On this farm then I sat down and figured that it was a toss-up between growing cash crops (wheat, corn, soya) on a completely customwork basis (I sold all my machinery) and seeding down and pasturing cattle. My decision for those who are interested: *Sheep*.

If after all this you are still unconvinced, take a pencil and figure out how much gold you can dig up on the basis of my figures.

And if you agree with me at least partially, please let all those "experts" blow their steam off in your "Letters to the Editor" unpaid just like me instead of giving them space where somebody uninformed might take it as a gospel.

CORUNNA, ONT.

RUDY BRILL

P.S. Fertilizing this farm also involves a handling of 20 tons of fertilizer or 500 bags at 80 lbs. A nice workout for the little woman, I suppose.

### Bandit Castro

Re "Is Cuba a Communist Beachhead?" [SN Nov. 12] by Barry Lando. In this article Lando does his best to make a case for the bandit Castro. He makes a poor fist of it. He fails to mention many things, such as confiscation of millions of dollars of other people's property, both national and individual, without the slightest intention of ever paying for it. This is robbery with violence.

Also, not a word about thousands of so-called political prisoners, many who have been in jail for months without trial and housed in filth.

Above are just two samples of his banditry. He suggests Canadian investments — thank goodness no Canadian would be so idiotic.

MONTREAL

HUGH M. SCOTT

### Nehru Doing Time

I am not in the habit of writing letters to editors of periodicals but am moved to do so by Peter Stursberg's article on colonialism. [SN Nov. 26].

First, it made a most telling point, i.e. "as far as Asians and Africans are concerned, colonialism is a color issue", and it is therefore useless to point to the countries of Eastern Europe as examples of Soviet colonialism in self-defense.

Second, Stursberg got his facts muddled. Nehru spent nine years less twenty-three days in prison, not sixteen (Brecher's biography, *Nehru*, page 81) which I happen to have just completed. It's long enough to make his point anyhow.

DON MILLS

D. CARR

### The Tax Slaves

Congratulations on your publishing of Raymond Hull's "Let's Have Conservative Conservatism" [SN Nov. 12]. Only a truly conservative Conservative government will conserve for me and my dependents the few possessions I have been able to keep out of the hands of the tax collectors.

Back in the Middle Ages of Europe, we had the robber barons and their henchmen who preyed on travellers, trade and commerce. Today we have political parties and tax collectors.

In my own working lifetime, I have seen the income tax go from nothing to its present fantastic proportions, and with its rise there has been an equally sharp decline in political morality. A political caucus today is a huddle to figure out how much can be taken from whom and given to whom else to win an election. Other than that, there are no principles involved.

That we have been robbed by taxation since World War II is an indisputable fact. That our present political parties show no remorse and no intention of reforming is equally indisputable. It is evident that I have come to regard a politician with an acute sense of loathing.

I can recognize no moral difference between robbery by taxation and the other kinds. I was born free, but I am now a tax slave, and my children have been born into slavery.

SAULT STE. MARIE

J. B. SYMINGTON



## The Crackpot Voters

Raymond Hull's article, "Let's Have Conservative Conservatism", hits the nail squarely on the head, and I agree with him 100 per cent. The top caption, "Point of View", should have read "Right Point of View".

The whole trouble with our so-called democracies is this: there are too many trying to get something for nothing and at somebody else's expense.

The whole trouble stems from the fact that our present system of voting is antiquated and needs a complete overhaul. Instead of letting every one go to the polls whether qualified to vote or not, we should select our voters by making every prospective voter submit to a knowledge test.

There are so many followers of those two crackpots, Marx and Keynes, that each applicant for a voting permit should be made to pass a test in simple economics. He does not need to be a Stephen Leacock, but he should know what effect upon our economy the lowering or raising of the price of gold would have, and similar simple questions.

Only the following would be admitted to the test:

- (1) Canadian citizens of at least 10 years' residence.
- (2) Canadian citizens never convicted of a crime.
- (3) Canadian citizens who are non-alcoholic.
- (4) Canadian citizens who are non-Communists.

MONTREAL

IAN MCLEISH

## Insurance Agents

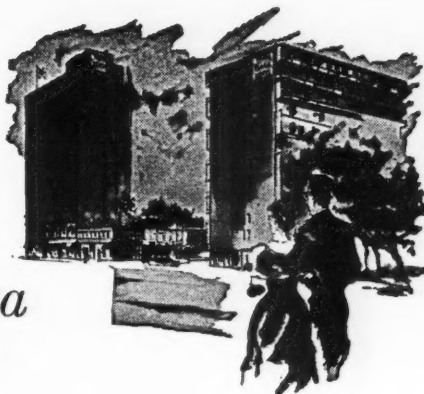
I read with interest the "Point of View", expressed by P. T. Matlow [SN Oct. 15] and, conceivably, he has some justification for his remarks.

He makes the statement that, "virtually anyone who can fulfil the basic status requirements and can pay the nominal license fee and who undertakes to become a full-time life insurance agent can become licensed with no difficulty at all."

This is not true in the majority of companies. For example, in the company with which I am associated, before considering a contract, some of our requirements are: completion of an aptitude index, a questionnaire outlining the man's background, a budget, a retail credit report, a report from last previous employer, a physical examination and a strong recommendation from his proposed Manager. We also expect the Manager to interview the prospective agent's wife, visit his home and make sure the home surroundings are congenial.

In addition in many cases a man re-

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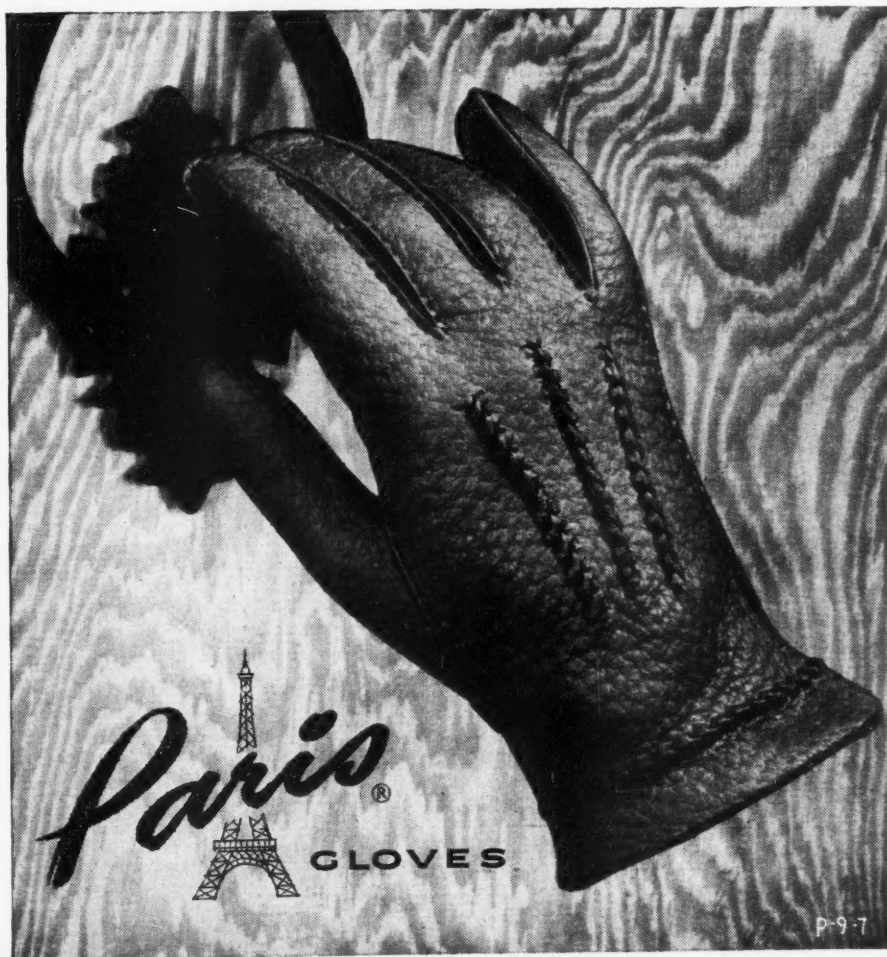
"HALMARK OF  THE FINEST"

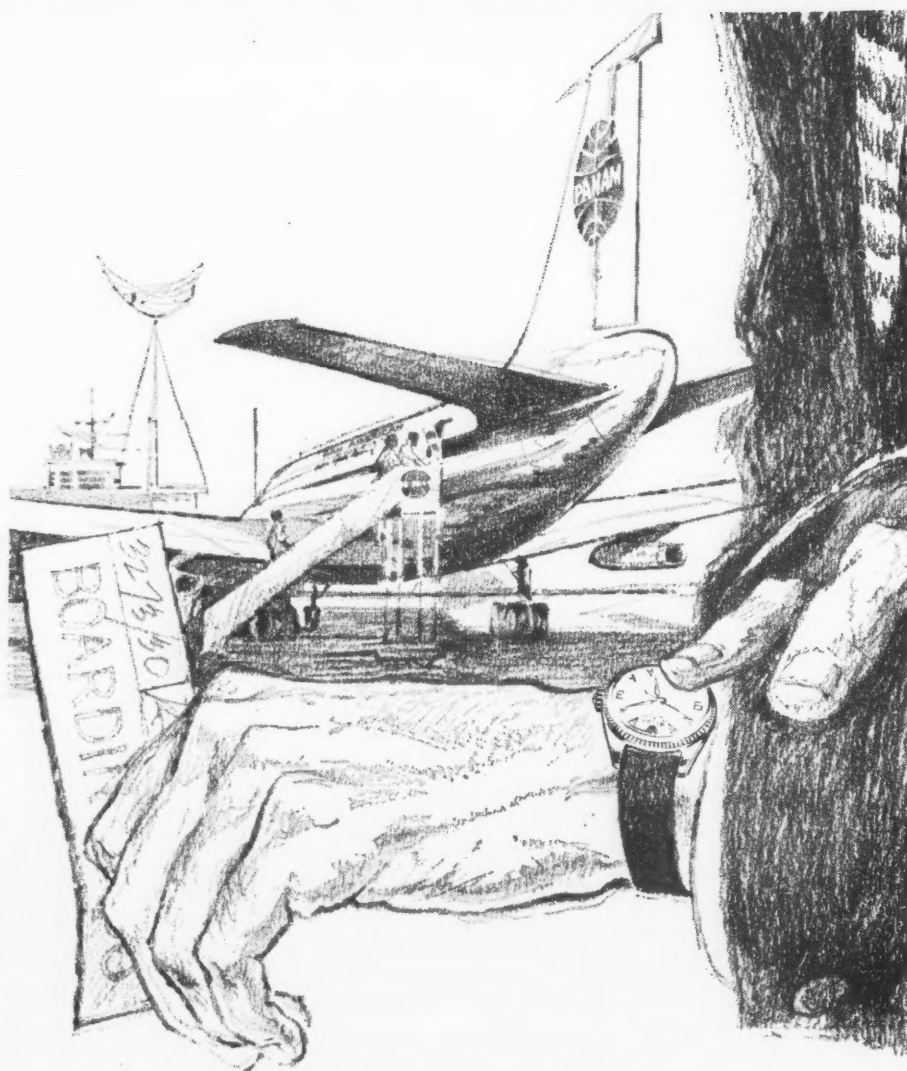
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major developments in 20th Century watchmaking, for Rolex was the inventor pioneer! Such familiar terms as "rotor" self-winding mechanism, and the 100% waterproof "Oyster" case, etc., are but part of the unique tradition that has made Rolex famous the world over. Buy Rolex with confidence . . . wear Rolex with pride.

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ceives pre-induction training. In other words, he takes courses in his spare time in life insurance so that he knows something about it, or will have an idea whether it is the type of work he would become interested in. When the Manager has proceeded this far the prospective agent's papers are reviewed at Head Office by a committee and it also has to approve the contract before it will be given to the prospective agent. Each quarter an analysis is made of the prospective agent's results and if they are not satisfactory the committee will recommend termination of the contract.

I thought you would like to pass this information on to Matlow as I am sure many other companies have as stringent requirements as mine. One of the reasons why requirements are so stringent is that the majority of representatives today require financing, and if the company is going to hire the right type of man, the amount of financing is not small and requires quite an investment on the part of the company. As a result, the companies and branch managers are doing their best to eliminate those unfit for the business before the contracts are issued.

TORONTO

T. H. GOOCH

*Vice-President in Charge of Agencies,  
The Canada Life Assurance Company.*

## Secure or Independent?

American economic control of Canada, and recently Cuba, confirms the worst suspicions of the uncommitted peoples of the world towards the West. Unfortunately for Canada, Canadian leaders have shown neither the courage nor the imagination necessary for the development of an independent Canadian economy.

Careful and imaginative planning of Canadian industry for the domestic market can minimize American industry in Canada and guarantee a future export surplus.

The perverted concept of freedom expressed in the American belief that "the end justifies any means" has resulted in public corruption in America and, in other countries, the exploitation of the source of raw materials by economic control.

If Canadians believe that security is more important than the independent economic development of Canada, they deserve to become American citizens. If they value the ideal of a dynamic democracy, they will value their independence.

Canadians might yet learn not to confuse bigness with greatness and depend on their own judgment.

CHICAGO

GEORGE EARNSHAW

SATURDAY NIGHT





## Who backs up the Volkswagen?

The popularity of this unconventional car is manifest on every road in Canada. The Volkswagen is particularly suited to Canadian driving conditions, but the car alone could not have achieved such widespread acceptance, without the people who back it up.

From British Columbia to the Maritimes, VW owners know they can rely on their Authorized Volkswagen Dealer. Each dealer carries a large stock of parts. Each employs factory-trained mechanics, men who know the Volkswagen inside out, and who can repair and service it with maximum efficiency and economy.

We are proud that the first dealers we appointed in Canada are still with us. We have grown steadily, and now there are 331 Authorized VW Dealers in this country, employing a total of 4,500 Canadians.

Backing up the dealers, in turn, is the headquarters of

Volkswagen Canada Ltd. at the Golden Mile in Toronto, with a staff of 450. It houses the training centre where Volkswagen mechanics are thoroughly schooled and where service and parts specialists come for courses and lectures. In our warehouse, we maintain a vast 9 million dollar stock of Volkswagen parts, from which we supply our dealers. The large reconditioning plant, equipped with the most modern machine tools, provides a steady flow of reconditioned engines for fast service to customers throughout the country.

Our continuous growth supports our belief that Volkswagen fulfills a need in Canada. And by buying Volkswagens, Canadians make it possible for West Germany—one of Canada's best customers—to buy more Canadian goods. It is this exchange of goods on which the economy of the free world depends.



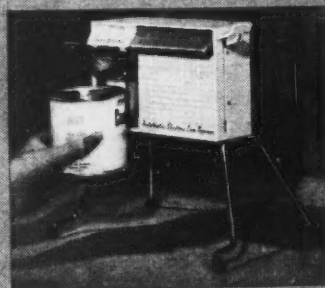
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## Comment of the Day

### Mr. O'Leary Speaks Out

THE HEARINGS before the Royal Commission on Publications have all been very lively, but they have not yet approached again the afternoon during which Grattan O'Leary, the Chairman, quietly took *Time's* brief apart.

The *Time* brief rested its case on three main points:

- (1) that interference with the present advertising methods of *Time* would be unwarranted interference with the freedom of the press;
- (2) that *Time* "enhances the unity and culture of Canada and communicates the richness and variety of Canadian life, not only to the people of Canada but also to people in other countries".
- (3) that "the Canadian edition of *Time* is essentially a Canadian periodical."

Seizing on the first point, Grattan O'Leary asked Lawrence Laybourne, the Managing Director of *Time*, whether he would consider it an interference with the freedom of the press if the Canadian Parliament, in its wisdom, decided that *Time's* present publishing methods constituted unfair competition and were to pass legislation which would make *Time* more fairly competitive.

Laybourne said "Yes"; and O'Leary, in a moment of rare assertion for a Royal Commission chairman said, "Then, Mr. Laybourne, you are wrong. It would not be any interference in the freedom of the press, nor would you be able to prove that it was in any court in Canada, particularly before Mr. Justice Rand" (whom *Time* had quoted approvingly in the summary of its brief).

On the second point O'Leary entered into the record a survey of *Time's* American and other editions showing just how much Canadian material is published in them. It included such tit-bits as a pretty actress breaking her leg, the disappearance of the male in Toronto, and other spicy pieces of incidental information. This survey, done specially for the Commission by Professor Wilfred Eggleston, gave the lie direct to *Time's* claim that it projects Canada's image abroad. In addition, 40 pages out of a total of 2,600 in the course of the year did not, said Mr. O'Leary, seem an "overwhelming" amount of Canadian coverage in international editions. But the really telling questions

were those which elicited from Laybourne, on his third point, how many Canadians were concerned with this "essentially" Canadian periodical. Of some 30 people employed by *Time* in Canada, only three are Americans, but they are the Managing Director, the Chief of the Ottawa bureau and the Chief of the Calgary bureau. Of the people who, in New York, write the *Time* coverage of Canada for the Canadian edition, two only are Canadians, one

### God Rest You Merry!

("Ontario can expect a sales tax in 1961."  
— *News item.*)

GOD REST YOU merry, gentlemen.  
Be merry while you may;  
Your Christmas shopping cost a lot,  
But many sources say  
In 1961 you'll have  
A whole lot more to pay.

*O, tidings of anguish and gripe,  
Anguish and gripe,  
O, tidings of anguish and gripe!*

The sales tax for Ontario  
Will hike your living-cost;  
If you've been one who saved a bit,  
Your savings will be lost.  
You say the air feels kind of cold?  
It's just a touch of Frost!

*O, tidings of panic and pain,  
Panic and pain,  
O, tidings of panic and pain!*

VIC.

of whom is a writer and the other a researcher.

In other words, when *Time* asked the Commission "to consider whether *Time*-Canada is not, in all essential respects, a Canadian periodical, having regard to the character and quality of its content and the nature of its publishing operations", it got its answer that afternoon. The Commission did not so consider *Time*.

*Time* is, by its own admission in this brief, what we said it was in our issue of July 9, 1960 — an American magazine with an American-oriented Canadian section and a publication which owns no real estate in this country, has no production machinery here and no printing plant of any kind. Nor does it pay any wages to any Canadian writer, artist or editor of any stature, either in this country or in *Time's* own organization.

### The Oppressor's Wrong

PANDIT NEHRU has done more than his fair share of talking about the independence of minorities and has often criticised the democracies for their obtuseness over colonial questions.

Just the other week, however, a bill was rammed through the Indian Parliament which extended for another three years the emergency powers which allow the Indian government to hold political prisoners in jail without trial for indefinite periods.

One of the prisoners so held is Sheikh Abdullah, former Prime Minister of Kashmir, whose sole crime is wanting independence for his country. For this "crime", except for a brief interruption in 1958, Sheikh Abdullah has been in prison for seven years.

In the discussion about the Bill the Indian Opposition members pointed out that there are more political prisoners in Indian jails than there ever were under the British raj, even at the height of the battle for independence. Further it was said that the present Indian government has had its troops and police fire more often on the Indian crowds than the British ever did.

In our admiration for Nehru, and still in many ways he is a man to be admired, we must not lose sight of these facts. Certainly we should be aware of the mote which is in our own eyes. But that does not mean we should automatically be blind to the obvious mote in someone else's.

Oppression is oppression wherever it may be. If we merely change the color of the oppressor we have not got very far along that road which Nehru himself is so glib and quick to point the way to.

### Apprenticeship & Profits

IN A BRIEF to the Committee on Unemployment recently, the Canadian Construction Association told the Prime Minister that a large number of the unemployed in this country are also the unskilled.

The Canadian Legion echoed the sentiments of the Canadian Construction Association and also called for an intensive program of academic and trades training similar to that which was so freely given to, and so well used by, the returning

# R for Xmas!

One of Toronto's most eminent surgeons was worried.

He hurriedly scribbled "Doctor's Order: Not to be repeated!" on a prescription form, pinned it to a gift-wrapped box containing a fur stole, and dashed out of Jean Courtot's fur salon into the Christmas Eve traffic.

He was still more worried as he placed his gift beneath the tree.

But on Christmas morning his wife was ecstatic with the elegance and beauty of her new stole, and when she tried it on she purred with comfort. She pirouetted. It fitted her perfectly.

"How did you know?" she asked. "How did you know what style would suit me best? And why did you say 'Not to be repeated'?"

"Well," he replied, "I'll confess. I was so busy, all I had time to do was call Monsieur Courtot and describe you. *He* chose the fur; and I was afraid he might not have made a perfect choice and vowed never again to leave such an important decision to someone else." He looked at her questioningly. "I hope you don't mind?"

"Mind? Of course I don't. He only chose the fur. *You* described *me*."

If *YOU* are as busy as a doctor this Christmas you can be sure that your wife will understand if you leave the choice of fur to Monsieur Courtot. He has insight: if your description is accurate, his prescription will be perfect.

LONDON  NEW YORK

*Jean Courtot*

72 - 74 BLOOR ST. WEST, TORONTO

veterans of World War II.

The Department of Labor in a press release after a recent meeting of the Apprenticeship Training Advisory Committee also emphasized that there are "not enough apprentices . . . being trained at the present time to meet normal losses in industry through retirement, up-grading and similar factors, let alone to provide for future needs".

In view of this new look toward apprenticeship, what happened to a German firm now operating in Canada makes pertinent reading.

In 1952, Ernst Leitz (Canada) Ltd. set up shop in Midland, Ontario. The grandson of the original founder of the German firm became president of the Canadian company, and the intention was to set up a lens-grinding operation here, plus the manufacture of certain parts so that Leica cameras could be assembled here, using only a few parts imported from Germany.

The company's basic idea was to train Canadians in a skilled trade and ultimately to achieve the ratio of six skilled Canadian optical workers to one German. The German employees brought over to begin the operation would then return home.

The scheme to train Canadian youngsters in this exacting but highly paid trade has failed miserably. According to Walter Kluck, who is in charge of Sales and Finance, the attitude of young Canadians is such that "they simply do not wish to spend about three years of their time learning a highly skilled trade which would ultimately enable them to earn very good money. They started here with good intentions, high hopes and ambition, but when summer came, the lure of more pay for transient jobs took them away and the training was wasted".

It was not for want of courage and determination on the part of the German firm, nor from lack of cooperation from the Ontario Department of Labor which, as long ago as 1956, expressed great interest in what was happening in the Leitz firm and lent its support to the creation of a set of standards to govern the requirements in the province for skilled precision optical workers.

Guenther Leitz, the president of the Canadian firm, has said that "In Germany apprentices start at the age of 14 to learn a skilled trade, but the educational system in Canada precludes young people from starting to learn a trade until 16 or later, by which time they tend to be attracted by higher rates of pay elsewhere . . . which are immediate but not long term".

As a specific example of these youngsters, Walter Bauer quotes one young man who stayed with the company three years and had only six months to go to become a skilled precision worker but threw it up and left when he found that he was not making as much money as

a man who had been with the firm for over 20 years.

The Leitz people, and many other firms, wish that the Provincial and Federal Governments would really do something about apprenticeship instead of talking about it. Perhaps there should be a system, as there once was, whereby the trainee enters into a binding contract. After all, the company is teaching him skills which will be of great financial value to him all through his life.

But no company has any such guarantee now. Governments talk instead of act, and the unemployment problem is still with us, even though vacancies for skilled workers exist by the score.

## Sauce for the Goose

GRATTAN O'LEARY's questioning of *Time's* Managing Director last month (see above), had one very strange repercussion in the daily press. The *Toronto Telegram*, in an anonymous special report to its editorial page, said that O'Leary's questioning "caused a lifting of eyebrows and a scratching of heads in the publishing business" for "he seemed to be opening his heart to acceptance of a great deal of Government interference with the freedom of the press".

The article went on to say that "if Canada is to regulate magazines' 'unfair' competition, what about newspapers? The feeling among newspaper men is that more Canadians are concerned about the newspaper field and the number of dailies that are disappearing or being gathered into the control of chain interests in Canada than about Canadian editions of U.S. magazines".

We think, however, that it is the people who own newspapers who are more concerned about the efforts of people like Roy Thomson than the people who read Canada's newspapers. But reading between the lines, it is clear why the *Toronto Telegram* does not like interference with unbridled free enterprise in the communications media.

The *Telegram* is soon to open Toronto's second television station; and, from all published reports, it will be opening with a majority of American programs which are cheaper to acquire than home-grown Canadian ones. Any attempt at regulating the dumping of editorial material by *Time* will give backing and precedent to the already announced determination by the Board of Broadcast Governors to stop the dumping of American TV programs. Naturally, therefore, the *Telegram* is concerned about the Royal Commission on Publications, but not, we suggest, because of freedom of the press or through fear of monopoly. It is motivated more by its own private interest in the rich Toronto television market and its economical plans for servicing it.





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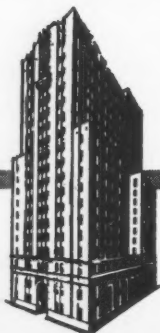
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Political importance of French-Canada increased when Jean Lesage won electorate, gave Liberals needed boost.

## Quebec or French-Canada?

by Miriam Chapin

THE TWO TERMS, Quebec and French Canada, are often used as synonyms. They are not, and when Premier Lesage's plans for his new ministry of cultural affairs, his *Département du Canada Français d'Outre-Frontières*, goes into effect as is expected during the current session of Quebec's Legislative Assembly, the distinction between them will be very clear.

Quebec will be "the French Province," but French-Canada will consist of all those in Canada, perhaps of all those in North America, who use French as their preferred language. There are many in New England, Louisiana, the West Indies, who share with Quebec the language, literature, and memories of French culture. The plan was announced by Lesage in Toronto, appropriately in the citadel of English Canadian publishing, culture, and influence.

The Department will establish connections with French communities outside Quebec, to "offer our contribution in the hope that it will be accepted, so that our two main cultures may meet in harmony and not in conflict, even if it were only to help avoid the threat of American cultural dominance." The intention is "not to interfere in the affairs of other provinces," which would be fine if it were not impossible, but instead to favor the development of French culture to the benefit of all Canada.

Over a million French-Canadians in Canada outside Quebec will be affected by the choice thus made between a Fort-

ress Quebec, turned in on itself, separatist, sulky, defiant, and a Quebec which means to claim its rightful place in the nation, and to work for a bilingual Canada. English Canada also has a choice to make. It can welcome the new dispensation, or it can oppose the move and watch Quebec stew in its own juice, to the detriment of all hands.

The remarkable thing about this proposal, apart from a certain surprise that it was never made before, is that it is the first secular move along this road ever made in Canada. There are various societies, more or less secular, such as the *Conseil de la vie française*, some of which give donations to institutions in French-speaking communities, but no government has acted openly and officially to this end. For four hundred years, all such initiative has been left to the Church, and undertakings have been of the missionary variety, or even parochial.

In most western provinces, priests run newspapers and radio stations, and the local diocese has been the unit through which the work was channelled. The result has been to equate French and Catholic in the minds of most non-French Canadians. Attention has been focused on the schools, and has appeared to many outsiders as devoted considerably to an exploitation of grievances. The response it has called forth has unhappily been usually, "Aw, what are they bellyaching about now?"

This is not to denigrate the good work

that has been done, but to point out that something more was needed. Quebec people have given money when they were asked to, but have actually taken little interest in the new communities that have sprouted from their roots. They have been preoccupied with their own survival, turned inward on their own concerns.

That attitude is not going to change overnight with the creation of one new department in the Quebec Government. But the emphasis is being put on different phases of Quebec relations with outsiders, whether French or English. From now on it is to be, so far as possible, on the gifts which French culture brings to all Canadians, on Quebec's position as the carrier of an ancient civilization, on pride in its value, on the full, free participation of French-Canadians in Canadian life. There will still be complaints, often justified, but no more isolation, no more inferiority feeling to promote the all too familiar chip on the shoulder. That is the ideal the Lesage administration aims at.

The political importance of French-Canada took a big jump when Lesage was elected, since it gave the Liberals a boost. It is helped, too, by several outside circumstances, such as the appearance at the United Nations of all these new African and Asian French-speaking nations. Who, if not French-Canadians, is to talk of Canada to Cambodians and Congolese, Malagasy and Moroccan? The traditional French-Canadian freedom from color prejudice is an added qualification.

They don't have as much to unlearn as some.

The victory of youthful Premier Robichaud in New Brunswick may have caused some shudders among old families of English descent, but it was welcomed as far away as Louisiana, since the Acadians of New Brunswick have been the ones to keep up friendly ties with their cousins there, through such means as the reunions of LeBlancs, a name as common on the bayous as along the Bay des Chaleurs. Robichaud is not the first Acadian premier, but his one predecessor who held office in the twenties left no deep impression on the Province.

But Robichaud means to. He has made his cabinet half French and half English; he has leaned over backward in his appointments to conciliate those who are not of his language or religion, but there can be no doubt that his own people have already begun to benefit from his administration. He is moving to improve their education and their position in the civil service. Their main problems are, as everyone knows, economic, and can only be solved (if at all) in a general context of Maritime revival, of which signs are few.

It is by no means sure that the French of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia will welcome wholeheartedly Quebec's assumption of French-Canadian leadership. They like to proclaim themselves Acadians, not French-Canadians, and they have been known to resent the influx of Quebec lumberjacks and settlers along their borders. They cherish their different accent. However, they collaborate when it is to their advantage, and they support the French cultural societies from their slim pocketbooks.

Nova Scotia has more than 70,000 French, living mostly along the coast from Yarmouth to Digby, who are as Acadian as their New Brunswick cousins. Acadians and Quebecois who wandered to Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island are too few in numbers and too quickly anglicized to carry any great weight in political affairs. They get few concessions as to schools.

The prairie provinces are another story. St. Boniface, across the river from Winnipeg and almost a dormitory suburb of the city, has long been the centre of western French-Canadian life. It now has a French-Canadian mayor — why it has not always had one is hard to see. It probably cherishes more grievances to the square inch than any town in Canada, dating back to Louis Riel and his *métis*, and watered by the continuing exasperation of the school question. It suffers from the tendency of the young to be absorbed into the commercial, Americanized, English-speaking milieu of the nearby city.

Saskatchewan has some fifty thousand French-Canadians, Alberta rather more,

mostly farmers north of Edmonton. The men speak English, as well as French; the women often don't. British Columbia has only thirty thousand. Politically they are all apt to be Liberal, but they have thrown up no nationally known leader. Some are descendants of Franco-Americans who tired of life in Rhode Island textile mills and came home; but to the West instead of Quebec.

Though the University of BC cultivates its courses on French-Canadian literature and tries to interest its students in the linguistic problems of Canada, still the child of a French-Canadian family must attend an English-using school unless he happens to live near one run by a priest from Quebec, where he will have to pay for the privilege of attending.

Ontario is the most promising and accessible field in which the new Quebec ministry can operate. It has 600,000 of the French-Canadians outside Quebec, a tenth of them in Toronto, the rest mostly in the eastern counties near the Quebec border. The penetration may be easier in Ontario than elsewhere, because it seems that there are a good many there who feel the occasional twinge of guilt over the poor deal which the separate schools get, the lack of opportunities for technical training. There is also a growing appreciation of the dangers involved in permitting the gap between the two national groups to persist.

It may not be necessary for French-Canadians to adopt the recommendation of Jean-Marie Domenach, editor of the Catholic French magazine *L'Esprit*, that they should refuse to speak any language but their own. But when in Parliament Noel Dorion, Conservative from Bellechasse and now Secretary of State, tried to defend the Quebec policy of giving aid to the minorities outside its boundaries, he was greeted with a chorus of "Oh no!" Nothing could unite French-Canadian Liberals and Conservatives faster — per-

haps by making Conservatives into Liberals.

If Quebec is to stand publicly as champion and protector — for that would surely follow — of the French minorities in other provinces, it will have to spruce up at home. Such behavior is implicit in the new policy. French-Canadians abroad will not remain loyal, will not care to be identified with, a province which maintains a slack, corrupt government, an ill-paid, inefficient civil service, an educational system far below modern standards, a penal system that is a disgrace to any country, a collection of urban and rural slums replacing the charm of the habitant architecture, a slovenly use of the language which it calls on others to learn.

Quebec's present leaders know this full well. They accept the challenge to change all these things, and they realize that time is running out. Criticism of their failings will be received, if not gratefully, at least with less resentment from members of their own community than from those of another language and background. They will get it; Quebec is due for some surprises on that score. After all, *The Tin Flute*, which depicted so uncompromisingly the life of Montreal's woeful St. Henri, was written by a girl from Manitoba, who saw it with fresh vision.

The future of this plan for linking French minorities everywhere to the Quebec Government is unpredictable. Gifts and subsidies, visits and propaganda, may not accomplish all that is desired. It may founder on indifference and hostility; it may make Canada into a happier land.

One thing is plain before it even gets started. When Jean Lesage deems the time is ripe for him to make his bid to lead the Liberal Party and to become Prime Minister of Canada, the existence of a friendly organization and a friendly public of his own language in every province will do him no harm at all.



To champion provincial minorities, Quebec must first spruce up at home.



# Its Bark: The Superman Myth Returns

by John Gellner

THE GERMANS HAVE, in this century, been so often at the centre of all controversy in the world that it is difficult to be unprejudiced about them. This is particularly so for people such as this writer who, first with mounting apprehension and ultimately with terror, once watched the step-by-step transformation of a great Western nation from a high degree of civilization to utter barbarism.

It requires a good deal of mental discipline to fight off doubts and suspicions that come up whenever a present situation in Germany reminds one of something similar that happened there thirty or twenty years ago. What it all amounts to is that it is not easy to persuade oneself that the Germans of today have changed from what they were in one's not too distant memory.

The Germans themselves do not make it any easier for an outsider to so convince himself: the behavior of many of them is again such as to put one's hackles up, just as it did in the heyday of the supermen, in the Thirties.

To that, the average German will retort that what the foreign observer calls doubts and suspicions is really envy, envy of German achievements, of the *Wirtschaftswunder*, the nation's amazing rise from the ashes and rubble to its present affluence. This is the explanation which the Germans already gave to the causes of World War I (England's reluctance to allow Germany to have its "place in the sun"), and a sentiment which Hitler always imputed to his adversaries in the West.

It is a wholly spurious argument. Nobody would begrudge the Germans their prosperity. After all, it is not really greater than that of the French, or, in the last two or three years, of the (Northern) Italian. What one objects to is the way in which the Germans display their newly acquired power, especially as one can not be too sure of how they might use it.

The fear of another abuse of power by the Germans springs in part from the indisputable fact that so many of their leaders in the economy and public administration are more or less reconstructed former Nazis, and thus heavily burdened with the sins of the past. The East German propaganda machine makes a lot of this.

Its principal target, now that the decidedly unsavory Theodor Oberlander has

at long last been dropped from the Adenauer administration, is the Chancellor's *Chef de Cabinet*, Secretary of State Dr. Hans Globke. This summer, a member of the Politburo of the SED (the East German Communist party), Albert Norden, called him "the personification of the identity of Adenauer's and Hitler's policies".

The source of these accusations is decidedly suspect. For the proportion of former Nazis is at least as great in the East German administration as it is in the West German. If anything, the situation is worse in the former, because, while there are comparatively few ex-Nazis among West German politicians of any note, there are many of them East of the Elbe. By the latest count, at least 56 of the members of the East German parliament, the *Volkskammer*, were at one time members of the Nazi party.

One only has to go down the alphabetical list of East German legislators (if one can call them that): Dr. Barthel who was a stormtrooper major, Hans Brueckner who served in the SS from June 1st, 1933, and so on — a pretty collection of former Nazi big and small fry. The pot is indeed dirty which calls the kettle black. The only difference there really is between the two Germanies is that, in one, the former Nazis became respectable when they joined the Communist party, in the other, when they joined one of the democratic parties.

Globke himself is a man who deserves sympathy. Employed in the Ministry of Justice, he was an active member of the *Zentrum* (Catholic) party in the days of

the Weimar Republic. He must have had a hard time living down his political past when the Nazis came to power. He maintained his position, however, and even earned promotion, at the price of doing a particularly conscientious job of any work which came his way.

This included putting into legal language the Nazi racial laws and, later, writing a learned commentary to them. In doing this he put his own welfare and that of his family before his conscience. He is sorry for it, and has said so very frankly. This, at least, distinguishes him from so many others who are either trying to throw a veil over their past, or else gloat over it. A repentant Nazi is a rare bird in Germany today.

The real danger in Germany does not come from the presence of former, possibly unregenerated, Nazis in positions of influence, but rather from the reappearance in the leadership class of attitudes which were characteristic of the Nazis: lust for power, insensitivity, contempt for the weak and meek. These traits one encounters more frequently year after year.

They seem to be a concomitant of the "economic miracle". The "isms" of the first few years after the war — pacifism, liberalism, Europeanism — are visibly losing ground, even though they still have a good number of influential and sincere advocates.

If the Nazi heritage still constitutes a real danger anywhere, then it is in the judiciary. In other branches of the government it is comparatively easy now, more than 15 years after the demise of the Third Reich, to steer clear, in thinking



*Although a member of NATO, German leadership dodges treaty clauses.*



*German paratroops in training: Danger lies in the reappearance of leadership attitudes characteristic of Nazis.*

and in actions, from the unsavory past. But the courts are still being called upon to sit in judgment over that past. This means in practice that judges must defend or condemn a goodly portion of their own lives.

It is perhaps too much to ask this of any man, and more particularly of a judiciary of which it has been said that the last form of German government which it supported unreservedly was the old imperial. As it is, the German republic of today can rely for its protection on the judicial apparatus no more and no less than could the Weimar Republic — that is to say, not too much.

Scandals which have their origin in that faded swastika beneath the republican robe again and again shatter the confidence of decent Germans in their judiciary. When this writer was in Germany last, before this summer, it was the Schoerner affair. In the war crime trial of Field Marshal Schoerner, the presiding judge refused to administer the oath to some of his colleagues—all active judges, mind you—who had been called as witnesses, because of suspicion of complicity. The charge against the accused was murder.

This year it was the turn of the Chief Public Prosecutor (Erster Staatsanwalt)

of Bavaria, Max von Decker. He was suspended from duty by the Bavarian Minister of Justice, Herr Ankermueller, because of very strong suspicion that he had shielded a much-sought war criminal, Dr. Hans Eisele, until the latter was able to escape to the safe haven of Cairo. Eisele's record as a doctor who conducted the notorious "selections" in concentration camps — to one side the able-bodied for slave labor in the Reich, to the other the weak for the gas chambers — is one to make even people with strong stomachs blench.

He was identified in 1954 by a Nuremberg attorney, who immediately informed the authorities. What von Decker apparently did was to "sit" on the Eisele file for six years. It would really not be surprising if he had: although in the denazification procedure he was classed in the lowest guilt category (V.), as a "fellow-traveller", he did, after all, at one time become a Nazi for other than purely opportunist reasons, for he joined the Party in 1931, two years before it gained power.

The cry of "militarists", raised by the Communist propaganda machine against the Federal Republic, is as strident as that of "Nazis". Actually, there is in Germany none of that militarism which, in the past, was generally associated with German mentality. There is no rush to the colors [except perhaps by infiltrators from the East, as shown by the fact that the present-day equivalent of Canaris' old Abwehr, the Militaerischer Abschirmungsdienst, turns down about 10 per cent of the volunteers for the armed services for reasons of political unreliability.] The officer is by no means on the top rung of the social ladder. Military ceremonies do not attract more attention than they do in Canada.

The reason undoubtedly is what is now widely called "Erhardism" in Europe (after Herr Erhard, the architect of the German "economic miracle"). The good-time-Charlie attitude which puts bodily

comforts above all else and is content to leave the burdens and responsibilities to others, is a much stronger force in Germany than militarism. That the Bundeswehr has developed no ethos of its own, such as the imperial army had, and the regular forces of the Nazi period in the years of victory, has also something to do with it.

This writer's belief that the German professional military leadership has learned the lessons of the past, and could now be relied upon to be a firm prop of the republic, was badly shaken this summer. It looks as if the shades of von Seeckt and Schleicher were appearing again on the German battlements.

There was, first of all, the affair of the *Denkschrift*, the memorandum issued by the High Command of the Bundeswehr. Its purpose was revealed in these two sentences: "The Bundeswehr is co-responsible for the security of the Federal Republic. It can neither dispense with conscription, nor with the association with NATO, nor with atomic armaments".

The *Denkschrift* was vehemently criticized by most of the democratic press of Europe. Said a leading Swiss paper, the *Basler Nachrichten*: "The *Denkschrift* is undeniably at variance with the sense of the (democratic) legal order, with the authority of the state, and with the laws of political tact".

The principal objection is not that the generals, insensitive to the fears and suspicions which such a step on their part was bound to evoke in view of the past record of the German military leadership, entered the province of their political masters, but that they crudely, because all too obviously, took sides in a domestic political controversy. What they advocated is, in fact, official government policy: association with NATO since February, 1955; conscription since July, 1956; nuclear weapons for the German armed forces since March, 1958.

There would have been no point in demanding it all over again if the official



*West German police on parade. If Nazi heritage still constitutes a danger anywhere, then it is in the judiciary*



opposition, the SPD (the German labor party), at its convention in Bad Godesberg, had not, after much soul-searching, accepted only the NATO alliance, but again rejected conscription and nuclear arms. The generals thus said to the German nation: The SPD is wrong. Its policy does not assure your security. With general elections coming up in 1961, they threw their hat into the ring on the side of Dr. Adenauer's CDU.

The *Denkschrift* was preceded by another event that was bound to raise the spectre of a renaissance of the old German military habit to play at politics. In early July, Wilbur Brucker, the U.S. Secretary of the Army, said in Bonn that he favored the equipping of the Bundeswehr with *Polaris* missiles. Nobody believes that Brucker would have chosen to behave like a bull in a china shop unless he had been asked to do so by Herr Strauss (the German defence minister) or by the German generals, or by both.

For *Polaris* is an IRBM which can be used efficiently only if it carries a nuclear warhead; considering its range and the degree of accuracy that can be attained with it, it cannot possibly be looked upon as a weapon suited for limited war, or, indeed, a weapon of defence. The conclusion was thus pretty obvious that the German military leadership was trying again, as in the case of the long-range, air-breathing, surface-to-surface missile *Mace* which Germany also acquired, to obtain offensive weapons through a bilateral agreement with the United States, by-passing NATO and contravening the treaty clauses which still restrict German re-armament.

The CDU may, in fact, need in 1961 all the help it can get, including perhaps that which the military can give it by lambasting the defence policy of the opposition. Chancellor Adenauer's party is undoubtedly in trouble. The question of leadership is perhaps the least worrisome; although Adenauer is a very old man, there is no obvious successor in sight, and the socialist opposition has selected in Willi Brandt, mayor of Berlin, a personality as its candidate for the chancellorship who is sure to impress deeply the average German voter. Much more serious for the CDU will be the political consequences of the failure, now quite apparent, of Adenauer's re-unification policy.

How it came to this failure is an old and often told story which hardly needs repeating. Suffice to say that it has become pretty clear by now (with the benefit of hindsight, mind you) that re-unification could have been achieved at the price of neutralization, as far back as February, 1955. It would have been a kind of "Austrian solution", although the term is somewhat misleading: it was (indirectly) offered to Germany before it

was even applied to, and had proved successful in, Austria itself.

Chancellor Adenauer, at that time, did not believe that it would work, or rather that the Russians would allow it to work, and, for all we know, he may have been right. He chose the NATO alliance instead. His political adversaries do not let the German citizen forget that this policy not only has not brought re-unification any nearer, but, if anything, has made it more remote.

Now, re-unification is still the one political idea on which the overwhelming majority of Germans agree. This was shown again last summer by the public outcry which followed a TV interview in which the famous German philosopher Karl Jaspers made the not in the least unreasonable statement that it was not re-unification that mattered, but personal freedom for the Germans behind the Iron Curtain, even if they had to enjoy it in a separate state. The Germans were most vociferous — and vehement — in rejecting this thesis.

Because public sentiment is so strong



*Troops in training: Shades of von Schleicher appear on the battlements?*

on the question of German unity, and because the CDU's record of dealing with this issue is not impressive, to say the least, Adenauer and his party have found it necessary to adopt now an Eastern European policy which looks so aggressive that it must give goosepimples to Germany's Eastern neighbors—and indeed, to other nations as well.

Up to now, revisionist statements have come only from minor members of the government, closely identified with refugee and expellee groups, such as Theodor Oberlander or Hans-Christoph Seebohm. In their case it could always be pleaded that not all can be taken seriously which is said on the hustings.

But this summer, the Chancellor himself, and Herr Erhard, the Vice-Chancellor, have entered the lists as well. Their pronouncements concerning German claims in the East just can not be shrugged off as a bit of politicking or a harmless letting-off of steam.

Thus Adenauer, speaking in his finest "father knows best" style, told a gathering of East Prussians that if they only

will "stand faithfully and firmly by their allies, (they) will in the end get back their beautiful East Prussian homeland". At the end of August it was Herr Erhard's turn. Addressing 60,000 Upper Silesians he said that although Poland now "administered Germany's eastern provinces", Upper Silesia and its cities and villages were "after all, witnesses of German rather than Polish life".

It is true that he offered the Poles Germany's friendship, and that he admitted that Poland had in the past had grievances against Germany as it still has them against the USSR. But such conciliatory statements were bound to fall flat when made in a speech clearly advocating the return to Germany of its former lands beyond the Oder and Niesse. It is understandable if the Poles are inclined to hear only the harsh threats to their territorial integrity and not the kind words which in some cases, as in the Erhard speech, accompany these threats.

Such oratory must frighten Germany's allies almost as much as Germany's opponents. For it invariably contains the

implication that German policy in the questions of the Oder-Niesse frontier and Berlin, as in all others, is the policy which the West will, and indeed must, back with all its might. And lest the big Western allies should in the least be dubious on this point, the German leaders are wont to follow up their sharp language addressed to the East with strong exhortations to the West not to budge from Germany's side.

They can be pretty sure of unwavering support in the Berlin issue — although the London *Times* was undoubtedly right when it recently called Berlin a "political and strategic millstone around the West's neck", and although it is very difficult to see what we could do in practice to save Berlin and the Berliners once the chips are down. But in the question of Germany's Eastern frontiers, Western policy clearly is to let sleeping dogs lie. Yet the German political leaders hammer at it with ever increasing intensity.

The irritating thing about all this is that the Germans conduct a risky Eastern

policy, yet rely more on their allies than on themselves to put force behind their pushing and pulling. Although the country is swimming in wealth, German defence expenditure is less than half the British. When the current, already once trimmed-down, German defence program is completed, in about two years' time, the numerical strength of the German forces will be about 40 per cent of the French.

When one weighs these facts, one really does not know whether to be annoyed or relieved. The Germans most certainly do not want war — the very thought of it appals the man in the street. Still, all considered, it is perhaps better if they do not have the means to bite as well as to bark.

The German leadership is, of course, not only reacting to domestic pressures, but also to very heavy pressure and much

provocation from the other side of the Iron Curtain. One has to remind oneself of this when one looks critically at the German political scene. This writer is trying not to forget it.

When he wrote this article he read, and before he sent it off he re-read, the firm words which mayor Willi Brandt addressed to the West in a speech he gave on September 4, on the occasion of the "Day of the Homeland" in West Berlin (incidentally, and significantly, again one of those rallies of refugees and expellees from the East at which the maxim of "the right to the homeland", the more modest, present-day equivalent of the old "right to living space", is being propounded):

"Let me now speak a few frank words to our foreign friends and observers. We understand, we have to understand, that

there is still distrust regarding Germany in connection with the last war and its final liquidation. In this city of Berlin we have honestly tried to overcome the past. But it is difficult for us to understand how differently things are being measured. We cannot complain about critical vigilance. But we would like to warn against color blindness. Some observers seem to be so much preoccupied with searching for the spots of a brown past that they overlook the strong blood-red patches on the other side".

Perhaps Herr Brandt is right. Perhaps we should really be less critical of the Germans. Yet, when one watches what they are doing and what they are saying, there always comes the gnawing doubt, and with it the haunting question: Whither is Germany going? And even more important: Where is it taking *us*?

### Report on Germany:

## Its Bite: A Nation Under Arms Again

by Joachim Joesten

ON JANUARY 20, 1961, a new President will take office in the United States — and the Bundeswehr will be five years old.

While the two events may seem unrelated, actually they are not. The Bundeswehr is Uncle Sam's baby, and it has grown to be quite a big and lusty one. From here on, every American president will have to do some hard thinking about its future.

It was, more than anyone else, the Americans who sparked West Germany's rearmament, who promoted it, guided it, and gave their own imprint to it. From helmets to training manuals, from airplanes to destroyers, from staff schools to counter-intelligence, almost everything

in the Bundeswehr is "made in USA," or has at least an American look. Everything, that is, except the men who wear the American-type uniforms and carry the American-made arms. They are Germans all right, and in part very much the same old Germans at that.

When the first steps were taken towards rearmament, about ten years ago, nobody was more fiercely opposed to it than the Germans themselves. They were then still conscious of two lost world wars, they were still living under occupation authority, and they said with one voice: *Ohne mich* (without me). Today, this famous slogan of the early fifties is hardly heard any more, except in the comparatively very small camp of radical pacifists and

conscientious objectors.

America's European allies, in particular those that had for years been ground under the jackboots of the Nazi Wehrmacht — the French, the Belgians, the Dutch, the Danes, the Norwegians — also were opposed to a revival of German military might. But the Americans were convinced that in the long run the defence of Western Europe against the numerically far stronger armies of the Soviet Union and its satellites would not be possible without a substantial German contribution.

They cajoled, pushed and even bullied their reluctant NATO partners into acceptance of this view. The British were the first to be convinced (and they seem to be the first today to have second thoughts about it), then the French and the Italians; the small nations of Western and Northern Europe held out longest against German rearmament, but in the end they, too, gave in.

And so the Bundeswehr was born. It is bound to play, in the future, a key role, politically as well as militarily, in all Western defence plans against the Communist threat. It may, or may not, some day overstep the limits of its original assignment and embroil the world in the ultimate catastrophe. Or it may really prove to be the force that saved the West from disaster.

The real test of its worth and its intentions still lies ahead. And only the future

*Hundreds of millions of dollars are being spent to equip new air force.*







From uniforms to arms, new German army has a "made in America" appearance.

can tell whether America's decision to recreate a powerful German army was an act of farsighted wisdom or of short-sighted folly.

The story of German rearmament begins early in 1950. On May 24 of that year, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer of the newly formed Federal Republic of Germany, commissioned the former Wehrmacht general, Count Schwerin, to prepare recommendations for setting up a semi-military force, then called *Bundespolizei* (federal police).

While this project was vetoed by the High Commissioners, who at the time still held sway in Western Germany, they did not object to the establishment, on March 16, 1951, of a federal border patrol force (*Bundesgrenzschutz*) of originally 10,000 men which was raised to 20,000 in June, 1953. This force, which is wholly recruited from volunteers, three years later supplied the nucleus of the *Bundeswehr*, as the armed forces of the Federal Republic on land, on sea and in the air now are called.

Incidentally, the *Bundesgrenzschutz*, which was later replenished again to its present strength of 14,000, continues its separate existence alongside of the *Bundeswehr*. A mobile, well-armed force organized on military lines and living in barracks, it is under the authority of the Minister of the Interior rather than the Minister of Defence.

A big step forward towards the creation of a new German army was taken in October 1950 when the so-called *Dienststelle Blank* (Blank Office, after its head, Theodor Blank) was set up within the Federal Chancellery.

The Blank Office had a dual mission: to deal with the occupation authorities in matters relating to the strength and stationing of Allied troops in the Federal Republic; and to make preparations for a German contingent in a European Defence Community force. In fact, it became the embryo of the later Ministry of Defence, expanding rapidly from a staff of 20 at the start to 708 (including 200 former officers) by March, 1953.

After the French National Assembly had torpedoed the European Defence Community on August 30, 1954, the only alternative to this first attempt at controlled West German rearmament was integration of the Federal Republic into NATO. This was done on May 8, 1955.

The legislative machinery aiming at the establishment of the *Bundeswehr* was set in motion in the spring of 1955. Over the opposition of the Social-Democrats, the Bundestag (parliament) on July 16, 1955, passed a law on voluntary service which provided for the recruitment of an initial force of 6,000 men.

This was followed on March 6, 1956, by the so-called "Soldiers' Law" (which regulates the legal rights and duties of members of the *Bundeswehr*), and on July 7, 1956, by the all-important *Wehrpflichtgesetz* (Law on Compulsory Military Service). The latter, which had aroused passionate controversy, was adopted by the Bundestag with 270 against 166 votes, and 20 abstentions. Finally, on December 5, 1956, the House passed a bill concerning the length of military service and the duration of army exercises.

On January 20, 1956, the first 6,000 volunteers moved into their quarters. This date, then, was officially designated

as the "birthday" of the *Bundeswehr*.

Things began to move in earnest after a Cabinet reshuffle on October 18, 1956, in which the young, vigorous and aggressive Minister for Atomic Affairs, Franz Josef Strauss, was shifted to Defence, while Herr Blank became Minister of Labor and Social Affairs.

The new Defence Minister had his own ideas of what the *Bundeswehr* should look like, and how it should act, and he lost no time putting them into effect.

Strauss was in favor of a "quality" army instead of one based on large numbers. He dismissed the original target figure of 500,000 men by 1963 as "unrealistic" and cut it down to 350,000 (the number of divisions pledged to NATO, i.e. 12, was retained, but they were reduced in strength).

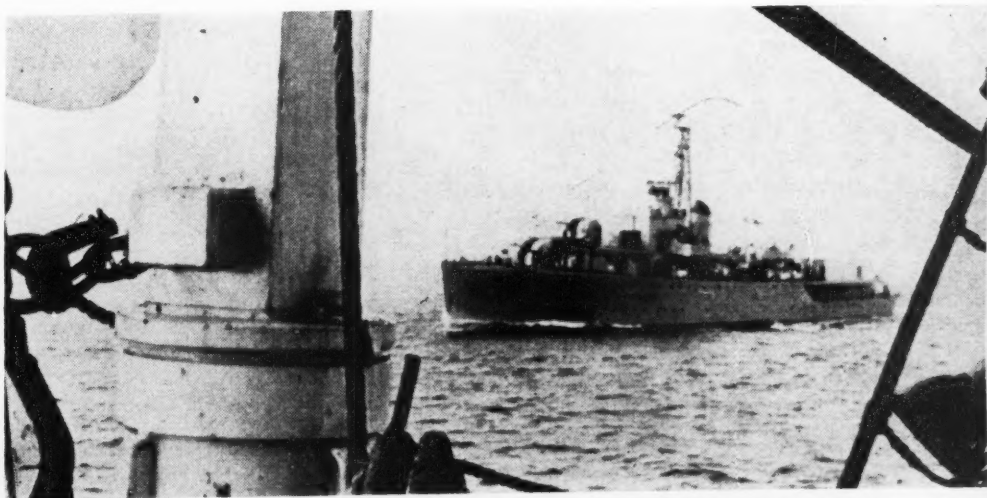
On the other hand, the new Defence Minister from the start put the emphasis on extreme mobility, concentrated firepower and the ultimate in weaponry, meaning rockets and atomic warheads.

Germany's new allies, including the Americans, at first were not happy over Strauss' defence policies. They frowned at the proposed curtailment by 150,000 men of the overall strength formerly agreed upon; the very thought of a German army equipped with nuclear weapons was enough to make anybody's hair stand on end.

In the end, the irrepressible Herr Strauss had things pretty much his own way — as usual when he is after something. (A few weeks before he appointed Strauss to the post, Adenauer, in the course of a turbulent Cabinet meeting had shouted at him: "Herr Strauss, you'll never get the Defence Ministry, never, never!").

By and large, the buildup of the *Bundeswehr*, its armament, training and defense policies have followed Herr Strauss' ideas so far, with little interference either from within Germany or from abroad.

On July 15, 1959, the *Bundeswehr* had an overall strength of 218,000. There were



American destroyer on loan to German navy, is indicative of naval re-birth.



*Potentialities of new Bundeswehr spell possible dangers for the future.*

135,000 men in the Army, 50,000 in the Air Force, 21,000 in the Navy and 12,000 in the territorial defence units. By that time, three mechanized infantry divisions, two armored divisions, one airborne division, one mountain division, five coastal defence flotillas, two fighter-bomber groups and one air transport group had been assigned to NATO.

Since the beginning of 1960, and more particularly since the breakdown of the Paris summit meeting, the buildup of the Bundeswehr has been speeded up considerably. The drafting of conscripts — about 400,000 muster every year — has been intensified to the point where the total strength of 350,000 (including 220,000 in the Army) is sure to be reached well ahead of the 1963 target date.

The greatest strides, however, have been made in arms development. As no armament industry to speak of exists in Western Germany, except in aviation — Krupp and other twice-burned German arms makers have been purposely holding aloof — weapons and supplies are bought by the Bonn Defence Ministry in practically all NATO countries, including such minor ones as Greece.

Hundreds of millions of dollars are now being invested in the German aircraft industry (Heinkel, Messerschmidt, Dornier, Focke-Wulf and Siebel, among others) which is to construct, under licence, more than one thousand modern military aircraft in the next four years, including Lockheed F-104 supersonic fighters, Fiat G-91 close-support fighter-bombers.

In France, the Germans have just placed a contract for the purchase of 20,000 SS 11 anti-tank guided missiles. Large purchases of arms have also been made in

Britain which as early as spring 1959 received an advance payment of 520 million marks (about \$125 million) against future deliveries.

The German Navy is also being expanded fast. With the blessing of NATO, Germany in October 1960 applied to the Western European Union for permission to build larger warships (up to 5,000 tons for destroyers and up to 1,000 tons for submarines) than was stipulated in the treaty on German rearmament. In anticipation of this permission — which under the circumstances is hardly more than a formality — a 4,800-ton training ship was ordered and was launched at Rendsburg on Nov. 5.

The German defence budget, which for

the past three years has been around 10 million marks annually (not all of this money was actually spent) is to be raised to 11.2 million in 1961. Even so, the Federal Republic's financial contribution to the defence of the West remains below average, since it amounts to only about 5.5 per cent of the national product, against 8 per cent for Britain, 8.5 per cent for France and 10.5 per cent for the United States.

On two recent occasions, the independent-minded and strong-willed Herr Strauss has run into serious trouble. The first time was when, early this year, he sent a mission to Spain for the purpose of negotiating an agreement with the Franco Government under which the Bundeswehr would have the use of Spanish bases. The proposed deal fell through as a result of sharp protests from the United States, Britain and France. Instead, training facilities and supply depots are now being procured in France and Belgium, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

No less unfavorable was world reaction when the Bonn Defence Ministry on August 19, 1960 issued a pamphlet clamoring for the equipment of the Bundeswehr with nuclear weapons in a way which a spokesman for the opposition Social-Democratic party described as "the first massive intrusion of the generals into politics, reminiscent of the days of the Reichswehr."

On balance, it may be said that the Bundeswehr, as of today, is a definite asset to the defence of the West, but that its potentialities spell possible danger for the future. As long as it is headed by a man as impetuous and self-willed as is Herr Strauss, the Western powers will do well to watch closely over all its moves.



*Is decision to recreate a powerful German army one of wisdom or folly?*



# Has Canada Too Many Trade Unions?

by Frank Drea

THE CANADIAN BROTHERHOOD of Rail, Transport and General Workers, a union that regards itself as the conscience of Canadian labor, is now publicly probing the soul of the labor movement.

But its examination goes much further than a discussion of weaknesses and frailties since the brotherhood is proposing positive action that would make sweeping changes in the form, scope and power of Canadian trade unionism. For the brotherhood, the only major all-Canadian union, believes that the life-force of Canadian labor must be changed if unions are to win back the public confidence that proved so valuable an ally a decade ago.

However, what began as an intellectual approach to an internal problem now threatens to erupt into a dog-fight since the CBRT campaign of "frankness and candor" has resulted in some barbed shafts aimed at the core of Canada's labor movement — the international unions.

The brotherhood, a 40,000-member union that had its roots among Canadian National Railways employees and still draws most of its strength from railway members, has also touched another sensitive nerve by choosing to present its reform proposals in the public arena. The proposals are neither new nor radical but have never been given so open an airing.

Although many members of international unions agree with the concept of a fundamental re-alignment of Canadian labor, they view the CBRT campaign with suspicion, particularly since surprisingly successful Canadian breakaway movements have developed within two international craft unions, the International Union of Operating Engineers and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers.

They feel that Canadian labor is in too critical an era to begin a great labor debate over whether Canadians will continue to belong to international unions or gradually swing over toward the European or Scandinavian structure which would give them the power to go it alone. The brotherhood's campaign has now reached the point where the union cannot turn back even if it means that the CBRT would be forced out of the Canadian Labor Congress and made to seek its own re-alignment.

The need for sweeping changes in the

structure of the Canadian movement finds many supporters in the international unions operating in the industrial field. However, many others, particularly in the craft union area, regard the reform suggestions as just another attack on international unions, one which deviates just ever so slightly from the familiar accusations of management groups.

In the middle are unions which are wary but willing to be convinced. They note that until now pleas for a "distinctively Canadian" movement have come from three groups — Communists, company-dominated union groups operating on the fringes of the respectable trade unions, and management spokesmen.

However, the Brotherhood brains trust argues that the structural reforms would make union muscles bigger and better co-ordinated, and restore to labor an extremely favorable public image. The result would be easily measured in material as well as social benefits for the 1,400,000 unionized Canadians.

Although the CBRT proposals have had a cool reception and provoked an ever increasing furor, there was little discussion six months ago when the United Steelworkers first outlined the need for change. The Steelworkers cushioned the impact of their suggestions by calling for national Canadian membership segments within the framework of international unions.

The CBRT decided to be blunt and provided no cushion as it unveiled a proposed era of super unions, well staffed, well financed and well co-ordinated by a powerful labor centre. It advocates wide and basic changes in both the number and kind of unions operating in Canada as well as the functions of the central labor body, the Canadian Labor Congress.

It argues that the large number of small unions now operating in Canada and the resultant structure of the CLC have become anachronisms which are hurting and hindering the progress of Canadian labor because they were not designed for a sparsely populated nation like Canada.

"Because a union operates successfully in an industry in the U.S. is no reason in itself why it has the sacred and exclusive right to operate in the same industry in Canada," says the Brotherhood.

It feels that the present structure was copied from labor organizations in the

U.S., a logical step because American unions extended themselves across the border in the formative years of the labor movement. However, it notes that labor in other sparsely populated nations has adapted itself to that condition and has achieved greater flexibility and progress than its Canadian brothers.

Together with pleas for fewer but stronger unions — probably patterned after the United Steelworkers or Auto Workers operations in this country—is the stinging implication that reform must come sooner or later because most international unions do not permit Canadians to decide their own economic, political and social destinies.

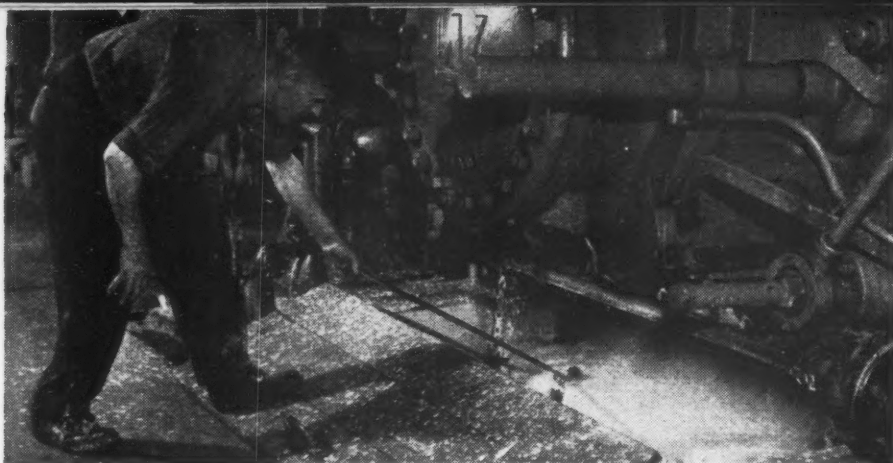
This is coupled with the touchiest of all criticism—that Canadians are too complacent about the threat of corruption which has already infected a part of the American movement, which has an identical structure. This accusation holds that a boundary line is no defence against corruption in a Canadian wing of an international union when even the determined policies of the AFL-CIO have been unsuccessful in stamping it out in the U.S.

The last two barbs make the Brotherhood's stand anathema to the international unions, who vehemently protest that Canadian members have rights and privileges and that there has been no labor corruption in Canada. But the basic charge of too many unions operating in Canada to provide adequate and progressive service to workers finds little disagreement.

The trouble comes over which unions will survive and become bigger and stronger and which will lose their identity by merging with other groups.

The brotherhood suggests that the present 138 unions merge into 25, which would have industry-wide collective bargaining co-ordinated by a tremendously increased staff of CLC specialists who would exert powerful moral pressure for a standardized system of negotiations. The 25 would have enough resources that they could go it alone if international unions objected to their aims and policies or refused to grant them the dominion status now enjoyed by Canadian members of the United Steelworkers.

The concept of industry-wide bargaining is not new to Canada nor objectionable to some industries which now successfully negotiate on this basis.



*Unions representing workers in pulp and paper industry negotiate as a group.*

In the pulp and paper industry, unions representing workers from longshoremen to skilled papermakers and office workers, negotiate as a single group for a common increase.

In the railway field, the 15 non-operating railway unions negotiate as a unit. In neither industry has this type of bargaining destroyed the ability of management to compete and it has stabilized labor relations.

However, under present Canadian operations, industry-wide bargaining for a common settlement is extremely difficult. The number of unions, many with wide ideological differences, precludes this type of negotiations. For instance, a common base metal mining settlement would have to include the United Steelworkers, the Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers and the French syndicates. Each sees itself as the union for Canadian miners.

In a smaller field, the glass industry, there are 11 unions, where the largest, the Glass and Ceramic Workers, set the general pattern.

Even the theoretical end of international unionism—common settlements for U.S. and Canadian branches of international firms—has been successful only for the United Auto Workers and the Steelworkers.

The UAW probably has achieved the closest type of international industry-wide bargaining since the bulk of its members on either side of the boundary are employed by the same automobile manufacturers. The Steelworkers have achieved international bargaining in the metal can industry and in the U.S.-dominated iron ore mining field.

The objections to the present number of unions is that most are not doing a proper job in the era of complex and highly technical collective bargaining, because limited and thinly spread Canadian units do not lend themselves to the use of highly trained specialists in Canadian procedures.

The larger international unions feel that Canadians themselves may be responsible for this because often they are extremely reluctant to ask for specialized help from the parent body, even though it is normally forthcoming at once.

The breakdown of the specialized services—public relations, research and union education—available to Canadian unionists, shows that these resources, tailored to Canadian labor conditions, are available only to those in larger unions.

Nine unions have more than 35,000 members; nine have between 20,000 and 35,000; 21 have between 10,000 and 20,000 members, and 99 are under 10,000 members. Forty have fewer than 1,000 Canadian members. Of the nine largest, six have research departments; three have public relations departments and four have education departments, all highly specialized groups that bargaining experts insist play a vital role in bringing maximum efficiency to the bargaining table.

In the second group, those with 20,000-35,000 members, three have research departments, one has an education department and none have public relations departments.

In the third group, 10,000-20,000 members, two have research departments, one has a public relations department, and two have education departments. The last 99 have none of these specialized departments.

The rebuttal to these statistics is that international unionism is a concept which enables the much smaller Canadian membership to take full advantage of the highly trained specialists paid for by the U.S. members.

However, Murray Cotterill, the erudite spokesman for the United Steelworkers who flew the first kite for a closer-knit Canadian movement and who is a staunch champion of international unions, agrees that there are too many unions in Canada.

"Even a comparatively small union in the United States is still a good sized union by Canadian standards," he wrote. "It is capable of supplying not only field assistance to locals but the kind of technical assistance so necessary in modern negotiations."

"By pooling their resources with an international union, a handful of Canadian locals, completely incapable of standing on their own feet, can acquire the resources of an international treasury and thereby increase their bargaining power."

However, he points out that a U.S. staff man, familiar with American labor

law, has only limited usefulness in Canada where there are 10 different provincial labor statutes and procedures.

"As a result, local unions become self-centred; collective bargaining cannot be co-ordinated properly and the organization of new locals is next to impossible," he wrote.

The Steelworkers, with 85,000 members, maintain their own research staff, including two leading labor economists, a public relations staff; an education staff as well as specialized experts in arbitration and conciliation; and a job evaluation staff for office workers.

The United Auto Workers, with 65,000 members, have similar specialists as do the Packinghouse Workers and the International Woodworkers of America.

The status of the Canadian Labor Congress has long provoked arguments in the labor movement, for everyone concedes that it is basically a weak, United Nations type organization dependent on the will of its affiliates for direction. Many unions, particularly in the craft field where local autonomy is cherished, prefer the CLC to operate this way.

The CLC is also burdened with the role of a super business agent, since it must co-ordinate and assist more than 200 directly chartered local unions. These are a hangover from the old days of the American Federation of Labor, which sought to combat the CIO form of industrial unionism with single locals in industrial plants.

These locals, most of them small, are spread across Canada and memberships are reluctant to affiliate with recognized unions because dues would be higher, autonomy might be threatened and top CLC officials will no longer be readily available.

Despite the criticism of its stand, the CBRT emphasizes that it is not attacking international unionism, which it credits for playing the big role in founding Canadian labor.

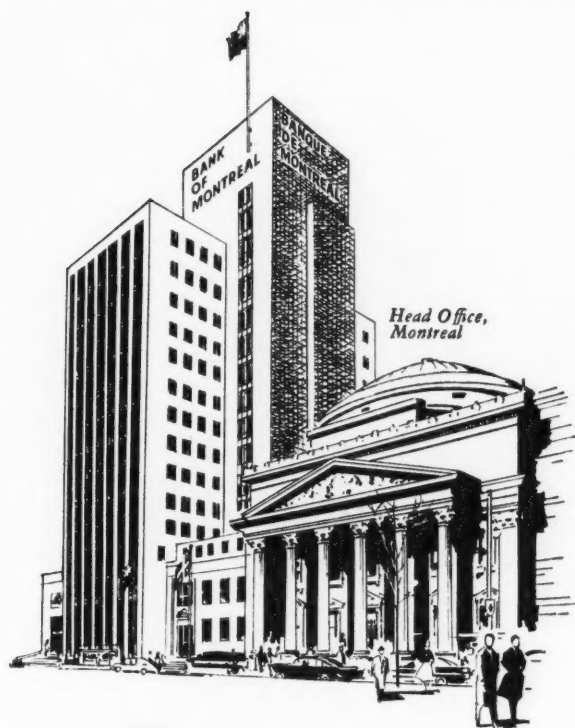
However, it feels it has the right to launch a debate because international unions are not sacred cows that cannot be criticized or analyzed. It also denies any scheming motives in touching off the discussion publicly.

"I suppose that there is a streak of cynicism in everyone," said Donald N. Secord, secretary-treasurer of the Brotherhood, who has made the speeches on the status of international unionism.

"But our motives are sincere and we feel that the thousands of union members should have the opportunity to study the discussions on this subject."

He points out that the Brotherhood has no objections to the larger and stronger unions being international, provided that there is a partnership between Canadian and U.S. membership as equals, with each drawing on the other for guidance or support.





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## STATEMENT OF UNDIVIDED PROFITS

Earnings for the year ended October 31st, 1960, after making transfers to inner reserves, out of which full provision for diminution in the value of investments and loans has been made and after provision for depreciation of bank premises	\$ 31,578,780
Provision for Income Taxes	17,352,044
Leaving Net Profits of	\$ 14,226,736
Of this amount shareholders received or will receive by way of dividends	12,148,167
Net additions for the year	\$ 2,078,569
Undivided Profits at October 31st, 1959	1,072,290
	\$ 3,150,859
Transferred to Rest Account	2,000,000
Undivided Profits at October 31st, 1960	\$ 1,150,859

G. ARNOLD HART      R. D. MULHOLLAND  
President                  General Manager

## CONDENSED GENERAL STATEMENT

October 31st, 1960

### ASSETS

Cash on hand and due from banks and bankers	\$ 401,197,197
Cheques and other items in transit, net	203,864,128
Government of Canada and Provincial Government Securities, at amortized value	765,509,855
Other securities, not exceeding market value	217,746,344
Call Loans	182,892,200
	<u>\$1,771,209,724</u>
Commercial and other loans	1,351,917,764
Mortgages and hypothecs insured under the National Housing Act, 1954	237,802,692
Bank Premises	55,661,047
Customers' liability under acceptances, guarantees and letters of credit, as per contra	59,721,096
Other assets	9,159,010
	<u><u>\$3,485,471,333</u></u>

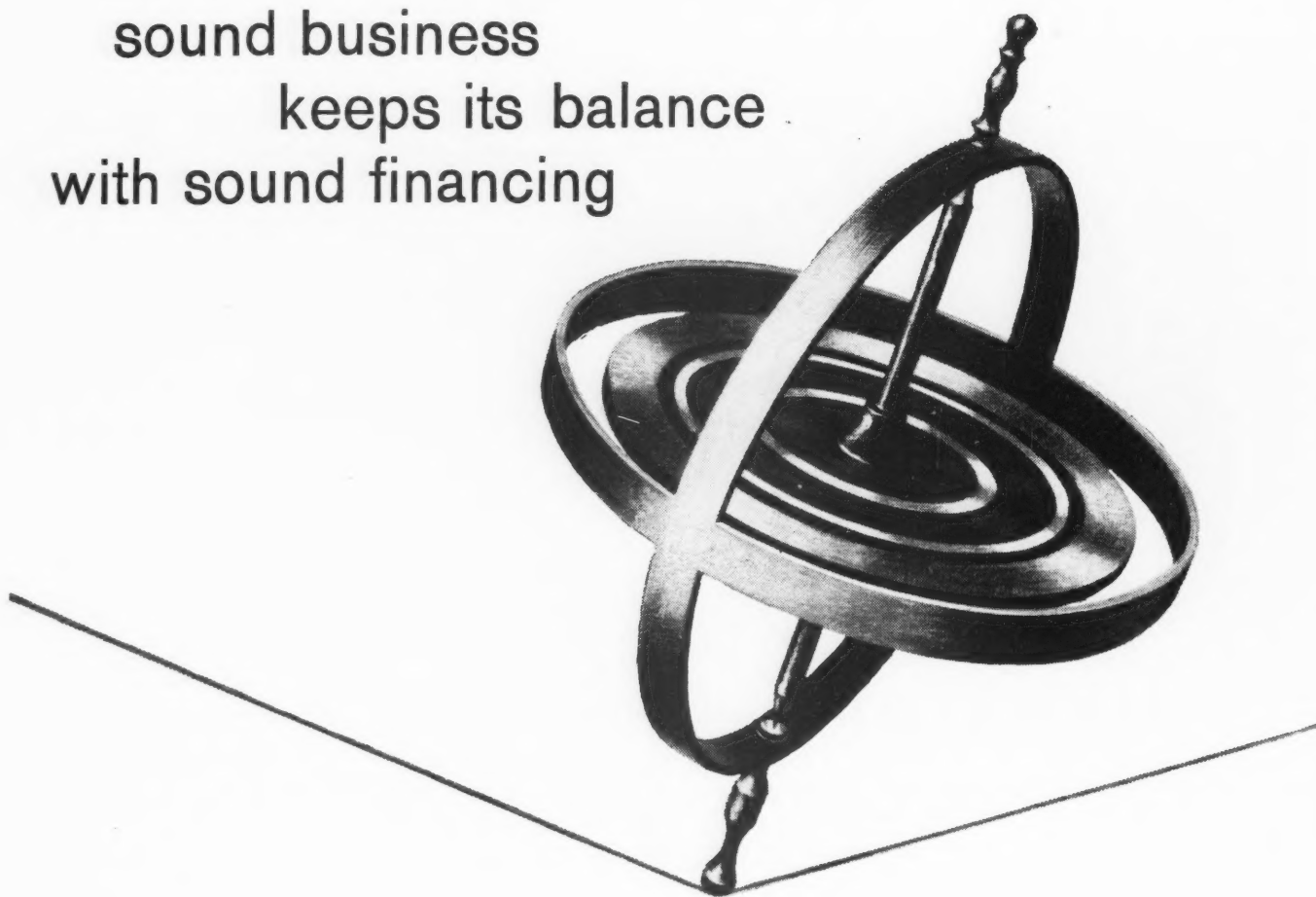
### LIABILITIES

Deposits	\$3,200,419,323
Acceptances, guarantees and letters of credit	59,721,096
Other Liabilities	21,580,055
Capital authorized — 7,500,000 shares of \$10 each	\$ 75,000,000
Capital paid-up	\$ 60,750,000
Rest Account	141,850,000
Undivided Profits	1,150,859      203,750,859
	<u><u>\$3,485,471,333</u></u>

The BANK OF MONTREAL spans Canada with 830 branches, and it has 14 offices of its own abroad — in London, New York and San Francisco, Resident Representatives in Chicago, a European Representative in Paris and offices at eight centres in France and Germany serving Canada's NATO forces.

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However, Cotterill states that the present form of Canadian business almost bars the emergence of powerful Canadian unions.

He feels that the successful Canadian unions, the CBRT and the rapidly growing unions of public service employees, have one common denominator — a strike in their industry cannot last more than a few days.

"The steel, auto and construction industries can shut down completely for about three months before the stoppage has an economic impact of sufficient severity to force a settlement.

"But if railway workers or civil servants should strike, government action must take place in a few days," he said.

Thus neither group requires the dues structure or resources of craft or industrial unions in less sensitive economic areas. He estimates that purely Canadian unions in strikeable industries would have to collect twice the dues to build a war chest for a showdown.

He also points out that the Steelworkers in Canada employ twice as big a Canadian staff in proportion to membership as does the U.S. wing to give the same service to local unions and members.

Cotterill emphasizes that most international union headquarters have a generous attitude towards Canada.

But he also warns that too many international unions with too few Canadian members will create membership dissatisfaction not only with the international union concept but the "whole idea of trade unionism" as well.

However, many trade unionists argue heatedly that the CBRT campaign is doing more to hurt labor than advance it.

William Reader, president of the London Labor Council who invited Secord to deliver the CBRT views to that body, felt that the public image of labor would be destroyed if top officials continued to criticize it.

He felt that labor's enemy within was a too-complacent membership whose members had become "fat cats with dough" and had lost interest. He also saw little future for labor without the help of the larger U.S. unions.

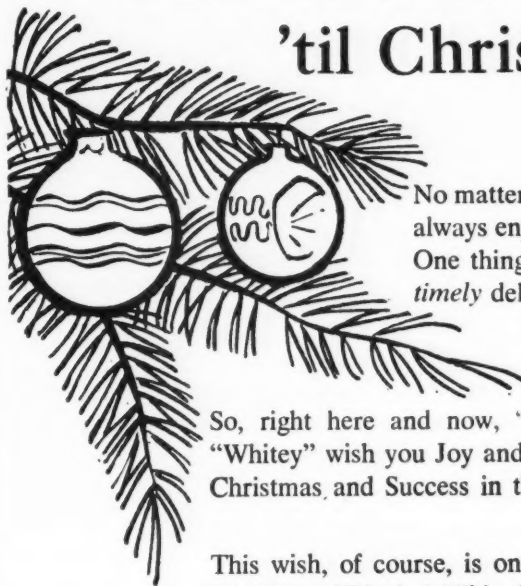
But the CBRT has no intention of burying its campaign because it feels this is the only way to win back the sympathy of the public to labor.

"The only way to improve the public image of the labor movement is to improve the labor movement and the only way to improve the labor movement is to locate and identify its frailties, its iniquities and its perversities and to do so with objectivity and candor," said Secord.

"We will rally to our support a greater measure of public understanding than the labor movement of this country has yet experienced," he added.



## "Let's not leave it 'til Christmas Eve"



No matter how old, the young at heart always enjoy preparing for Christmas. One thing is most important . . . the timely delivery of greetings.

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# Salesmen Don't Wear Striped Pants

by Peter Stursberg

OF THE HUNDRED or more trade commissioners who have been called home from their posts in some fifty countries for the super-sales conference in Ottawa, few, if any, have had much experience of Canadian industry or of actual selling. Certainly, there are not many among them who would qualify as the sort of door-knocking, fast-talking type of salesmen whom George Hees seems to want to turn loose on the highly competitive markets of the world.

We are not going to "blast our way" into these markets. That was a phrase which the new trade minister deliberately eschewed. Instead, he spoke of "the most intensive commercial offensive" to be undertaken by this country. As a self-described "sales manager", he said that it was good business practice to bring "the salesmen in from their respective territories" to talk about prospects and plan the coming campaign. Hence, the extraordinary rally at Trade and Commerce.

All of this talk of salesmen and the emphasis on the "hard sell" must have made the trade commissioners put a metaphorical hitch in their striped pants as they wriggled on the hard conference chairs. The fact is that they were not meant for the roustabout life of the huckster. This is hardly their fault since they have been especially selected and trained for a very different and much more genteel pursuit.

Theirs is essentially a diplomatic service, a commercial diplomatic service if you will, a rival one in a way (and certainly a much older one) to that of External Affairs. Whenever they are affronted by a snuffy counsellor or some such emanation of the East Block, as occurs on occasion,

the trade commissioners become indignant and boastful of the past.

They were abroad first, they say, and so they were — by a good fifty years. The first trade commissioner was sent to Sidney, Australia, in 1895, and by the time the Second World War ended and External Affairs instituted full Canadian representation abroad, there were 60 trade commissioners in some 35 foreign posts.

Actually, eight of Trader Hees' "salesmen" who have been summoned to the Ottawa conference are acting heads of Canadian missions in various parts of the world. They have been named consul generals or *chargés d'affaires* because of the absence of senior officials or because External Affairs could not staff these posts.

C. M. Forsyth-Smith, the senior of three trade commissioners at Hong Kong is more important than most ambassadors, as he is the Canadian government's only contact with Communist China. His reports are eagerly awaited and closely studied. Every year, he visits Peking, and, while it is pointed out that he sees only officials in the Chinese equivalent of Trade and Commerce, he is nevertheless in touch with the Communist government.

A youthful trade commissioner in his twenties, Roger Bull, was the only Canadian official in the Congo at the time of the worst troubles and was pressed into service as an envoy.

Not only do trade commissioners often act as diplomats but, it must be admitted, they are diplomats at heart. They do not have the burning desire of the salesman, the aggressive market spirit or whatever you want to call it. Their ambition is to become ambassadors and many of them

do. For example, Fred Bull, the father of Roger Bull, a former deputy minister, is Ambassador in Japan, and Dick Bower went from trade commissioner in London to Ambassador to Venezuela.

Yet, to charge them with being more concerned with protocol than with selling is hardly fair. They are, in their way, an excellent service. They are highly regarded by outsiders, particularly by the British. There is no doubt that their work has resulted in millions of dollars worth of business for Canada. The Canadian businessmen who have learned to use them swear by them.

However, the situation has changed. Until very recently, almost all countries had currency restrictions and tight import controls. The individual businessman did not have the final say in what he bought from abroad, and much of the work of the trade commissioners was with government departments or government or pseudo-government boards. In such negotiations, their diplomatic training stood them in good stead.

There had been changes, but, to a large extent, that was the way it was until the 1958 Commonwealth Economic Conference in Montreal which agreed to lift quotas and liberalize trade. At about the same time, the International Monetary Fund called on its members to lift import controls now that they had fully recovered from the war. Most of them heeded this appeal and the last barriers were knocked down.

"The dam burst in 1959", a trade expert said, and he might have added that floating on the surface of the flood waters, desperately clinging to the flotsam and

*Members of the Canadian Timber Trade Mission to the United Kingdom and Ireland adopt formal pose for group picture.*





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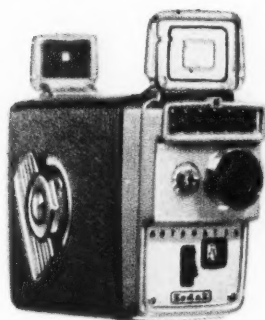
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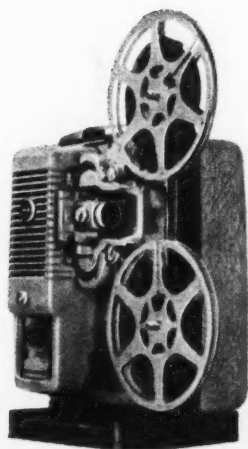
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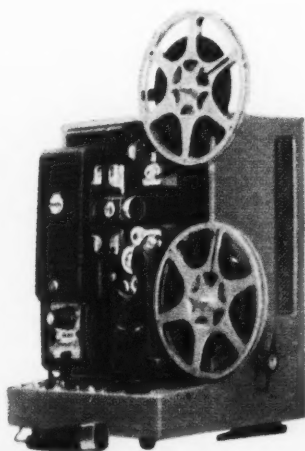


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aged for 10 years  
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jetsam of government boards and controls, were the trade commissioners.

At the last count, there were 153 foreign service officers (FSOs) which is the way the Department of Trade and Commerce classifies the trade commissioners, from the lowly FSO1 to the lordly FSO8 who is in reach of an ambassador's credentials. Altogether 122 were abroad at 63 posts in 49 countries, while 18 were on duty in this country, all but one in Ottawa, and 13 were in training also in the capital.

Besides these FSOs, there are some fifty trade commissioners who are locally recruited abroad and are usually the nationals of the countries in which they serve. They are known as commercial assistants, and the department is quick to point out they are not officers. They could be likened to NCOs. They do the donkey work and get none of the glory.

As non-Canadians, they could not be expected to make Canadian decisions, and only the exceptional commercial assistant ever sees the country for which he is working. "Where it is worth our while to bring one of them home, because of his extraordinary ability and the fact that he intends to stay in our service, then we bring him home for a visit," a spokesman for the service said.

No more than six have been given such a trip to Canada since the end of the war. These commercial assistants are said to be particularly useful in difficult language places such as Greece and Hong Kong, although there happen to be four of them in the London office now.

Some of them are highly competent, and there is a regular turn-over of commercial assistants as their experience in the Canadian trade commissioner's office is of value to local export firms, and the one I met in a Latin American country was probably the exception to the rule.

He was some sort of an Englishman who was married to a native woman. When I asked him if he kept in touch with Canada and Canadian developments, he said that he certainly did, that the office received all the important Canadian newspapers and magazines.

"Do you get SATURDAY NIGHT?" I inquired.

"Oh, we get the whole of Saturday off," he said, as he went on his bumbling way.

For some time now, the FSOs of Trade and Commerce have been recruited in the same way as the External Affairs's FSOs—from what passes for the elite or the "establishment" in this country. They are the Canadian equivalent of the British public school boys and they are even developing an accent of their own. Although they must have a university degree, it does not have to be a commerce degree.

Business experience would help, I was told, but there is no mention of this in any of the application literature. Furthermore, such experience would be neces-

sarily short since the age limit for admission to the service is 31. In fact, experience is never even considered, as most of the new recruits are taken straight from college because the department "prefers to train its own executives" and claims that the starting salaries would not attract anyone who is not wet behind the ears.

This is hard to believe since the young trade commissioners in their early twenties, once they are posted abroad, can earn as much as \$800 to \$1,000 a month. Allowances more than double their income. So much so that many FSOs find that returning to this country means a very severe drop in their living standards and dread the day when they have to give up their fine homes, their servants, and their wine cellars, even temporarily.

I knew one Canadian diplomat who was laid low with an extraordinary attack



*Hees: Salesmen for world markets.*

of hives when he learned that he had been posted back to Ottawa earlier than he expected. While they are in training and on visits home, the trade commissioners are taken on tours of Canadian factories and plants so that it cannot be said that they do not know what they look like.

All of which bears out the fact that the trade commissioner service is a duplicate diplomatic service. Where there are government officials and government boards to deal with, the FSOs are the best servants that Canadian industry could want. The trade commissioners are the only "salesmen" the new trade minister could have behind the Iron Curtain, and yet this is a part of the world where they are thinnest on the ground.

There is only one in a Communist capital: William Van Vliet, the recently appointed commercial counsellor in Moscow. The fact that there are three in Hong-kong is another sign that the trade commissioners there are concerned with more than trade since Canada's exports to China, while more than might be expected, are nowhere near the \$25,000,000 we hope to sell the Soviet Union under the new agreement. A trade commissioner

in Vienna has most of the countries of Eastern Europe in his territory and another one in Copenhagen looks after Poland, which is disparaging treatment and not designed to encourage trade.

Most of the newly independent states in Asia and Africa and many Latin American nations have had to retain some form of import controls or currency restrictions, but, since last year, the prime Western markets which include those in Western Europe and North America where Canada does three quarters of its trade have been flung wide open. They have been freed of at last of almost any vestige of government interference.

Private trade is rampant and competition triumphant—competition, the like of which the trade commissioners have not experienced before. (It is thirty years since the Great Depression brought with it the first government controls.)

If we are going to win these markets, and they are of the utmost importance to us, we must win them by the "hard sell", by the drive of salesmen with the flame of orders and more orders burning brightly in their hearts. That is what Hees, who was switched to Trade and Commerce because he was considered a super-salesman, seems to be saying when he announced "the most intense commercial offensive" to be undertaken by this country.

Even George McIlraith, the Liberal trade critic, seems to agree with him, although, politics being considered, he expects Hees to go too far. When McIlraith was C. D. Howe's parliamentary assistant in the early fifties, the dam of government controls had not been breached, but there were already gaps, and the trade commissioners did not seem to be able to take advantage of them. There was a need for greater flexibility, he felt.

The consensus of independent opinion is that the trade commissioners should be supplemented by industrial salesmen to meet the new circumstances, and that these salesmen should not go through the juvenile mill of a civil service examination but be selected on ability to sell. There could be a centralisation of the service, with a regional headquarters where a trade commissioner would have a group of half a dozen or more of these salesmen who could be sent out to the countries around to sell Canadian products.

They might act on the tip of a trade commissioner in one of these countries or they could go on their own. In an area such as the United States, it has been suggested that there should be as many as twenty-five to thirty of these salesmen.

To sum up then, the trade commissioners should be the only "salesmen" behind the Iron Curtain, and they would do most of the work in Asia and Africa and Latin America. But, in the prime Western market, they should have a shock force of industrial salesmen to help them.

# Ottawa Letter

by Raymond Rodgers

## We Need Specialists in Government

BETWEEN SESSIONS it is very easy to conclude that the real debate in the country is no longer found in Parliament (we even feel that way during Sessions at times). Instead, the national debate goes on between the various groups presenting briefs to the Government, with the Cabinet as the forum and sometimes as an active participant.

Who meets who, on these occasions? The members of Canada's ultimate "corporate board" — the Cabinet — and the men who deal with them directly or indirectly through the various associations. The ranks of the latter, apart from some academics and labor leaders, are filled almost entirely by corporate directors.

Ministers and directors share two things in common: they tend to be ancient, from a young man's point of view, and they tend to have an educational background that is either legal or most general — and rarely beyond the first or second degree. There is not one earned doctorate in the entire Cabinet; there are very few among the directors. Of the twenty-four men in the Cabinet, half of them have a background in law and/or education; the rest, roughly speaking, are former businessmen.

Part of the reason for the preponderance of lawyers seems to be the nature of our academic programs in political studies (the term "science" is too pretentious to bear repetition in these columns). What Canadian universities really should create are Departments of Public Law so that the generalists are at least able to interpret statutes and treaties as well as understand the social forces underlying them.

Meanwhile, however, we are governed by generalists and lawyers — even in such tricky fields as international trade, transportation, agriculture, and taxation. Rare are individuals like potential External Affairs Minister Paul Martin, a graduate of Harvard and the Geneva School of International Studies. Only in the offices of Solicitor-General and Justice do we find an acceptance of the rule that a Minister must be academically trained in his field.

Politicians, and many others, will say: so what? The Minister is primarily required to have sound political sensitivity

and an ability to follow good advice when his civil servants give it to him. This idea has its weaknesses, however.

Very often it leads to a slavish dependence upon the advice of those "perpetually in power". The post-war program of the British Labour Party was largely frustrated by the subservience of unknowing Ministers to the advice of old hands with traditionalist leanings. Worse still are Ministerial declarations of independence from Ministers who do not have enough background to recognize good advice when they hear it.

The same pattern is true with business corporate boards. A study of businesses and trade associations in the export field for example, will reveal very few directors (or even executives) with special training in such fields as international trade, law and taxation. Very often such directors cannot even geographically place the countries they are trying to deal with.

There are exceptions, however, particularly in such "service" fields as market research and engineering, and in such industries as chemicals and food processing. To take an example of the former, the directors of Economic Research Corporation Limited — Montreal's most vigorous firm in its field — have a high collective standard of academic specialization.

Economic Research Corporation also has a director who reached the Board before passing twenty-five, a very unusual case. In North America we like to say the emphasis is on youth. Certainly many products are geared to (and sold by) young people. We brag that we live in a "young country" seeking young men with ideas. And it is true that the present Cabinet is a *fraction* younger than its recent predecessors.

### Background of the Present Cabinet

Job	Name	Age	Degree*	Main Background Experience**
<i>(New Members appointed in October)</i>				
Northern Affairs	Walter Dinsdale	44	M.A.	Railways, social work, PR.
State	Noel Dorion	56	LL.D.	Law practitioner and teacher.
Forests	Hugh Flemming	61	B.A.	Businessman and forestry.
Without Portfolio	Ernest Halpenny	57	Phm.B.	Pharmaceutical business.
<i>(New portfolios as of October)</i>				
Solicitor General	William Browne	63	B.A.Sc.	Law and Politics.
Transport	Leon Balcer	42	LL.L.	Law and social service work.
Veterans Affairs	Gordon Churchill	61	LL.B.	Law and education.
Agriculture	Alvin Hamilton	48	B.A.	Education.
National Defence	Douglas Harkness	57	B.A.	Education and farming.
Trade & Commerce	George Hees	50	B.A.	Businessman
<i>(Others)</i>				
Mines	Paul Comtois	65	B.S.A.	Agriculture
Prime Minister	John Diefenbaker	65	LL.B.	Law
Immigration	Ellen Fairclough	55	C.P.A.	Accountancy
Finance	Donald Fleming	55	LL.B.	Law
Justice	Davie Fulton	44	B.A.	Law
External Affairs	Howard Green	64	B.A.	Law
Post Office	William Hamilton	41	B.Comm.	Advertising
Fisheries	Angus MacLean	46	B.Sc.	
Health	Waldo Monteith	57	C.A.	Accountancy
National Revenue	George Nowlan	62	LL.B.	Law
Defence Production	Raymond O'Hurley	51		Forestry
A/Defence	Pierre Sevigny	43	B.Comm.	Businessman, Construction.
Labor	Michael Starr	49		Businessman
Works	David Walker	55	B.A.	Law

\*Main degree, ranking the LL.B. over the M.A. in a few instances, and excluding honorary degrees. Also note that there are other channels to law besides the strict law degree.

\*\*Excluding war-time service and political office.



The current average age is approximately fifty-four. But Robert Peel was a Minister and Charles James Fox was Lord of the Admiralty, both at twenty-two. Jefferson wrote most of the Declaration of Independence at thirty-three. And while men often died younger in those days there were also many oldsters around who did not seem to resent young colleagues.

Be it said, however, that when Ministers meet directors in Ottawa it is normally the Minister who is the younger man. According to a recent survey, the typical director is nearly sixty; more than 75 per cent of them are over fifty. They feel at home with National Revenue Minister George Nowlan, sixty-two, and Mines Minister Paul Comtois, sixty-five.

Directors can hardly regard the following Ministers as father-figures: Postmaster General William Hamilton, forty-one; Transport Minister Leon Balcer, forty-two; and Northern Affairs Minister Walter Dinsdale, forty-four. They would be positively disturbed if John Kennedy, forty-three, were a Canadian Prime Minister. Mr. Diefenbaker, however, is a reassuring sixty-five.

Within limits there is no connection between a man's age and his intellectual vigor. John Diefenbaker, to judge by his handling of provincial demands for a bigger share of the tax-pie, has a very nimble brain. Furthermore, men who have been around a long time have often seen much and learned a lot.

On the other hand, the trend of the times is such that our highest seats of administration, both Government and business, require the special knowledge of highly-trained young men. These men will have to be young simply because specialized graduate programs were unknown fifty years ago except in a limited number of fields.

There will always be a place for the generalist and, as every satirist in history has pointed out, we will always be served by the ubiquitous lawyer. Nevertheless, the range of problems facing the Government and business is wide and complex. The men at the top need specialized training simply to judge the merits of proposals placed before them.

In the light of these considerations it may well be that a new trend will set in for Cabinet and corporate appointments. Of the four new Ministers appointed in October, only one — Secretary of State Joel Dorion — is a lawyer. Northern Affairs Minister Walter Dinsdale has an M.A. and a background in transportation, social work, and education. Forestry Minister Hugh Flemming is a former businessman with a B.A. and a lumber background. Minister without Portfolio Ernest Halpenny was in the pharmaceutical industry and has a Phm.B..

Only one of them has been appointed to the appropriate Ministry.



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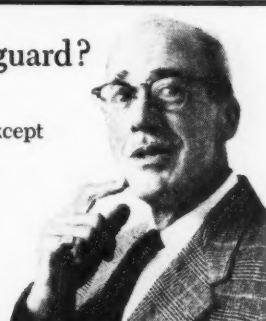
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Is the Vanguard a jet?

The Vanguard's Rolls-Royce "Tyne" engines drive propellers, therefore it's called "turbo-prop" (sometimes known as "jet-prop"). The TCA DC-8 is a "pure" jet.



And how comfortable!

Comfort will be your main impression: Soft seats, "hi-fi" music, restful lighting, pleasing colours, superb meals prepared in one of two galleys, four wash rooms!





*Although Eaton amassed his first fortune in western Canada, his loyalty remains with Pugwash, N.S.*

## The Strange Case of Cyrus Eaton

by Harry J. Boyle

THERE WAS A HOWL of rage from assorted people in Canada and the United States when the Cleveland industrialist from Pugwash, Nova Scotia, threw a gala dinner for Nikita Khrushchov in New York. It seemed a foregone conclusion to the headline scanners that there was no hope for Eaton, because he was already a Communist lover, but they abhorred the thought that anyone else in these Western democracies would break bread (over solid gold dinner plates) with the number one World Communist.

Was it madness on the part of Eaton? If it was you can bet that souvenir ruble you brought back from a tourist trip to Moscow that there was method in it. This silver-topped billionaire Baptist minister, ordained at McMaster University, who floats through the iron curtain with the greatest of ease, is, at seventy-seven, just as tensile as the steel his Portsmouth Steel Corporation puts out. While he pleads the case for co-existence his railroad, iron mines and coal mines all keep the millions piling up.

Nova Scotia could hardly be considered to be a hotbed of Communism. Yet, Cyrus Eaton managed to receive the Lenin Peace Prize on July 1 in Pugwash, Nova Scotia during the Highland games with some twenty-five-hundred Maritimers present. In addition to guests from all over the

United States and Canada there was a Soviet Academician, the Soviet Ambassadors to the U.S. and Canada, a man from Tass and representatives from at least three of the Iron Curtain countries. The Very Reverend C. M. Nicholson, Principal of Pine Hill Divinity Hall, Halifax, presided at the presentation ceremonies.

This is the same Cyrus Eaton who, on April 28, 1960, at Williamsburg, Virginia, acting as chairman of the board and principal stockholder of the Chesapeake and Ohio railway at a meeting marking the one hundred-and-seventy-fifth founding anniversary of the railroad by George Washington, said in part:

"Fellow stockholders, we can all take great satisfaction that George Washington, the founder and first president of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway's predecessor company, excelled as a sound and successful businessman, as well as a superlative statesman.

"Washington was a capitalist, both in theory and in practice. In 1785, when our predecessor company was chartered, he opened its stock subscription books at \$200 a share. The enterprise prospered, so that the stock was soon selling for \$400 a share. My answer is, if all the railroads of America could be emancipated from the bondage of Federal Government regulations, and really be per-

mitted to practise free enterprise, I am certain, we could pursue policies that would again bring our present stock to the \$400 level."

Mr. Eaton went on to lament the creation through the years of some seventy-five government agencies, ever expanding, with the goal of having to crib, cabin and confine American industry and finance. He said:

"The railroad industry is the most regulated. Management is not permitted to use, on behalf of stockholders, the imagination and drive that are essential to success in the capitalistic system. One of the weaknesses of our government that demands sweeping changes is the vast system of bureaucracy represented by these Federal agencies."

The life of Eaton is full of these strange anomalies. He is a great American railroad tycoon and yet is personally friendly with the head of the all powerful railroad brotherhoods. John L. Lewis stands in the Eaton corner because of the assistance the coal owner, Eaton, gave him in the 1946 strikes. Similarly, David J. McDonald of the United Steelworkers is a friend. Eaton has an open-handed hospitality at his Acadia Farms at Northland, Ohio.

That farm, incidentally, plus the farm at Deep Cove in Nova Scotia, is world



famous and Eaton is not a gentleman farmer. He knows his cattle as he has demonstrated on innumerable occasions. P. S. Troubadour, a Shorthorn calf, took the 1956 International Grand Championship, travelling through 11 States and Eastern Canada, a distance of 100,000 miles.

Is Eaton a patsy for the Commies? Well, Cyrus Eaton is a dreamer. He loves and enjoys poetry. Among his friends he numbers Robert Hutchins, the most controversial former head of the University of Chicago, of which he is a trustee, and Bertrand Russell the philosopher. Just the same that aspect of him, which lead him to become a co-founder of the Cleveland Museum of Natural History, doesn't take away from the practical.

A millionaire at 27, having been a protege of John D. Rockefeller and having served as pastor at Lakewood Baptist Church in Cleveland, he was badly hit by the depression. He came back with renewed vigor and is now estimated to be in control of over two billion dollars worth of physical assets with a staff of well over one hundred and twenty-five thousand people.

Often overlooked is the fact that Eaton's fortune began in Western Canada. Having had experience as a cowboy following his McMaster graduation, he followed a lead and resigned from his church in Cleveland to build a power plant at Brandon, Manitoba. Selling this at a profit he started a chain of light and power companies on the Prairies.

At one time or another Eaton has controlled the third largest steel company in the United States, The Fisher Body Company, Sherwin-Williams and three of the largest rubber companies in Akron, Ohio. At the same time he was the main force in the development of Cleveland's "Ring of Green", a famous set of Metropolitan Parks which came into being in spite of the pressure of realtors and builders of untold influence.

His greatest impact on Canada was in connection with Steep Rock Mines, one hundred miles north of Lake Superior. Against the advice of some engineers and geologists he constructed a 3000 foot tunnel from Finlayson Lake to change the course of the Seine River. "Eaton's Folly" worked and 121 billion gallons of water were pumped from Steep Rock Lake barring the treasure of iron ore. That was in 1943 and millions of tons of ore have been shipped out since then. Yet it's estimated that close to half a billion tons of iron ore still remain in this place which engineers once said was completely inaccessible.

The story behind the vision of Eaton, however, is even more fascinating. When Newton D. Baker, a Cleveland lawyer, ran afoul of Eaton over a proposed merger of Bethlehem Steel and Youngstown Sheet and Tube, Eaton fought and staved

off the merger. In 1932, when Baker was the white hope for the Democratic nomination, Eaton appeared in Chicago and joined forces with Farley to nominate Franklin D. Roosevelt.

What was more logical than for Eaton to seek and get F.D.R.'s blessing on Steep Rock in the name of the war effort and \$5 million from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Then he went to Ottawa where his charm and Nova Scotian ancestry helped him acquire the backing of the Maritime members of the wartime cabinet and C. D. Howe to the extent of \$20 million for railroad spurs, docks etc. Mitch Hepburn, always an admirer of Eaton, brought the Province of Ontario in for \$5 million.

This is the man who in August of 1955 with the help of Sir Julian Huxley and Dr. F. Cyril James of McGill University brought together that first group of people whom the press labelled "the Pugwash Thinkers". In the peaceful little lobster fishing village of Pugwash, on the Northumberland Strait between Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, where the Eaton family had its roots, the group just sat around and talked under the general idea that in an age of fission and fusion, the thinkers of the world must get together and find a way of using the terrifying power for peace and not for war.

Since that time there have been some eighteen conferences. There's some confusion about this, however, because actually the First Pugwash Conference of

Nuclear Scientists, inspired by Bertrand Russell and the late Albert Einstein was called in July of 1957. Eaton offered Pugwash to them. There have been four such conferences since. The second one was held at Lac Beauport, ten miles north of Quebec City. Cyrus Eaton acted as host for this one too.

In September of 1959 the Nuclear Scientists had 80 atomic specialists from 22 countries at Vienna under the joint sponsorship of the Austrian Government and Eaton. From June 25 to July 4 of 1959, the Fourth Conference of Nuclear Scientists met at Pugwash. There is to be another conference this fall in Moscow, and this will be a Conference of the Nuclear Scientists.

As a press representative I attended a conference in Pugwash this summer. It was called by Eaton with prominent educators in attendance from Canada and the United States and a sprinkling of other delegates from Africa and the West Indies.

Apart from the discussions—which were open and frank and distinguished in many cases by reason of the sheer logic of the African and West Indian delegates—it was a marvel of organization. We were picked up by private plane at Malton and flown with all the amenities of private travel to Moncton. Drivers were on the spot to drive us through the Tantramar to Pugwash on a pleasant late summer day. It was one of those days when Nova Scotia is at its best. Clear sky with a few clouds and the colorful little houses decor-



"We must be pretty close to Pugwash".



Silver-topped billionaire Cyrus Eaton is at 77 as tensile and adaptable as the steel from one of his many mills.

ated for some Acadian feast day.

Here was Pugwash, five hundred people in houses scattered as if sown by hand around the bay, and the sea dimpling, with youngsters at low tide prowling the tide-vacated mud flats. This is the quiet side to the sea, because this is Northumberland Strait and not the tempestuous Atlantic one and somehow the people and the surroundings have a quieter side to them.

What mark has Cyrus Eaton made on this place? There was none apparent at first. Down the winding streets and you start counting churches . . . nine . . . ten . . . eleven . . . twelve . . . maybe more. Then you come to your billet. There are three private cars of the Chesapeake and Ohio with white coated stewards standing at attention, a power plant running smoothly to keep the internal functions of the posh cars functioning while they remain stationary.

From there on you are in the hands of a "behind the scenes" human machinery that runs efficiently and smoothly without you ever being aware that it is in operation. The press occupy the cars. The educators are billeted around town. Each car has private rooms, a kitchen, a bar, a dining room and a well appointed drawing room. Your every wish is a command. The conference is being held only three blocks away but there are always cars in attendance to drive you there.

In the gymnasium of the new district school, the "thinkers" sit around a hollow square of tables, while the press and guests occupy chairs on the sidelines. Walk down the school corridor of this magnificent, new, brick building which makes such a contrast with the rest of Pugwash, and you grasp the Eaton organization. Stenographers work like Hansard in our Parliament. A secretariat catalogues names and billets and handles mail. The notes are being transcribed almost as quickly as the speakers can finish their stint.

This is presided over by one of the most amazingly efficient women I have

ever met. She is Betty Royon, staff assistant to Eaton on the C & O. She has worked for him for 22 years and has become vice-president of Acadia Farms and Deep Cove Farm and the only woman ever elected a director of the 108-year-old American Shorthorn Breeder's Association. She is secretary of the Ohio Breeder's Association as well as secretary treasurer of Portsmouth Steel Corporation. She is also the guiding genius for the organization of the Pugwash conferences, including this one on Continuing Education.

There is a generally informal atmosphere about the whole affair. After a few general words, Cyrus Eaton either listens or wanders back to see how the secretariat is working. The "thinkers" eat their meals at The Lodge, a picturesque, old Nova Scotian home restored by Eaton with simplicity but comfort as well. Sit on the grassy slope and you can watch the youngsters playing in the water of the cove and see the long, slim dories of the lobster fisherman either going out to set traps or coming back in.

There's not much news. You have the opportunity of learning what the lady

from Thailand, the man from Mozambique, Ghana or Australia is thinking about. Mainly it's a pleasant relief from the confusion and bustle of most conferences.

You wonder idly what the young man in the next compartment is doing at this conference. He's too razor-sharp dressed to be a journalist. You ask him. He works for Eaton in a coal mining firm. You notice a similar type in the next car. He's from the public relations department of the railroad. And the man in the next car?

Never mind. You know he's from the steel company or from a dozen other places. These are the cogs in this smoothly running organization because the more you delve into the life of Cyrus Eaton the more you realize how important he realizes public relations and efficiency to be.

This is borne out when you are handed a sleek, black envelope-type briefcase embossed in the corner with the Rodin emblem which pops up all over the place. Open it and you find reproductions of press clippings which must prove that even Eisenhower, who has only to yawn to get into the American press, would be hard put to stay up with Cyrus Eaton. You have everything from a remote paragraph in a London newspaper to a flossy biography from a Cleveland paper, done up in five parts, and a Japanese account complete with translation.

There's a booklet recording in detail, with pictures, the travels of PS Troubadour, a set of postcards of a Chambers cartoon with thinking Shorthorns, sitting with hooves under chins while a passing motorist muses, "Must be getting near Pugwash." The case also contained a pen, stationery, a handsomely lithographed picture of the C & O trademark "Chessie" and every conceivable thing to make it easy for the working journalist.

We left, after a press conference with Eaton in the living room of his gracious old house, as easily as we arrived. It was another drive back through the gently-

If Rodin Could Only See Him Now!



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# Speak



# Write



# See



# Control

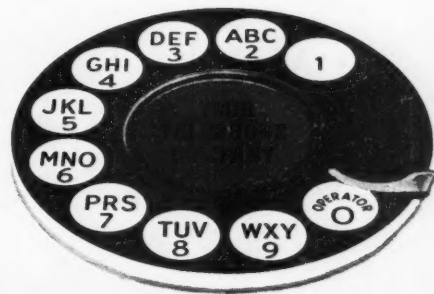
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waving billows of the marsh hay on the Tantramar to a waiting plane. This time it was a pressurized Convair because someone had complained on the way down of discomfort to his ears in the unpressurized DC-3.

It was like a visit to another world. Perhaps you could write a play called "Visit To A Small Nova Scotia Town". Then you began to realize that this man was a master salesman. You were set up to be sold. Just as he praised the merits of co-existence and the foolishness of the arms race and the futility of a cold war so also you were sold on the good Nova Scotia lamb and the succulence of the Pugwash lobsters. On the latter you didn't need any selling. On the former you didn't either but you wondered how he was making out on the other side.

Now, however, there's a bit of trouble in Thinker's Paradise. At the beginning of October the three American members of the Continuing Committee (International) of the "Pugwash Conferences of Scientists", in a letter to the New York *Herald Tribune* took exception to Cyrus Eaton announcing the Pugwash Conference in Moscow. After listing the history of the conferences of Nuclear Scientists, they pay generous tribute to the fact that Eaton paid the costs for three of the five Nuclear Conferences.

Admitting that he has never tried to influence the conferences in any way, they go on to say.

"However, as Eaton has come to play an increasingly active and controversial role in political affairs, the scientists felt that his exclusive support of their conferences may place them in the wrong light."

After pointing out that they had organized funds for the Vienna conference and managed it except for the secretariat, they say that they have declined even this for the Moscow conference. My bet is that it will be a shambles if they manage it.

The letter continues:

"In memory of our first meeting in Pugwash, the name Pugwash Conferences has been used in subsequent conferences. It has become widely known in America, Europe, and the Soviet Union as designating a spontaneous, independent, and non-partisan activity of scientists concerned with the survival of mankind in the atomic age. For this reason, the Continuing Committee has been reluctant to suggest a change in the name of the conferences, despite possible misleading connotations with other conferences organized by Eaton in Pugwash.

"The public misunderstanding of our conferences, as being initiated, sponsored, financed, directed or influenced by Eaton, and Eaton's own reference to them as such in correspondence and public statements, forces us to make this clarification. The committee intends to propose to the



Moscow Conference the adoption of a new name, which would avoid misunderstanding."

There it stands as of now but Eaton is a man who has a habit of getting his own way and he doesn't forget. The late Robert A. Taft, twice an aspirant for the presidency of the United States, found that ignoring Eaton in a complicated financial deal didn't pay off. In the GOP nominations Eaton was constantly in the background.

Then in 1952 when the Taft family, already owners of one Cincinnati newspaper, tried to buy the *Enquirer*, the Portsmouth Steel Corporation, through a maze of legal and financial deals, came to the rescue of the employees and loaned them the necessary \$7,600,000 purchase price. Incidentally, in four months it yielded the Eaton-owned corporation a fee of a quarter of a million dollars.

That's Cyrus Eaton, or at least some aspects of an amazing personality. He loves a fight and those friendly grins and the twinkle in the incisive, blue eyes are, I am certain, misleading. He has earned the respect of millions of people, the scorn of millions and he must be feared even by that super-snooping body called The Un-American Activities Committee which issued a subpoena for him after his appearance on a Mike Wallace show but as yet has not served it.

What makes him tick? A devoted family man he had his share of loss in the last war. An ordained minister of the Baptist persuasion, heir of a family tradition of clergymen he still has a strong mark of the evangelist in him. Capitalist and industrialist, and last of that amazing brand of individualistic tycoons who control private fortunes in place of corporations, and with an amazing ability for bringing together opposing forces such as business and labor, he must fancy that now having conquered his financial battles, he would like at seventy-seven to take a flyer at the international field and leave a mark on the emotional side of humanity before the blinds are drawn.

He belongs, after all, to that breed of tycoons such as Henry Ford who had a mission at one time with a Peace Ship and Alfred Nobel, the maker of gunpowder who left a legacy for the encouragement of peace, and Andrew Carnegie who turned suddenly to advocate peace. Perhaps Cyrus Eaton has started to build his own memorial in his own unique way.

Just the same, the three American delegates on the International Continuing Committee of the "Pugwash Conferences of Sciences of Scientists" may discover in Moscow that Eaton, dedicated as he is to the cause of international good relations, is also dedicated emotionally to the home of his ancestors in Pugwash. They may find that the man of peace can also be a man of steel.



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## Chess

by D. M. LeDain

IF WE ACCEPT Alekhine's opinion that the endowments of "fancy", or imagination, and "a flair for abstract reasoning" count for more than mathematical ability in the attributes of a good chess-player, are there any others? Well, visual imagery is one, because without the ability to envisage correctly the positions and relationships of the pieces some moves ahead in a combination, even a good idea would be wrecked. An inborn trait, useful also in the graphic arts, it can be developed by practice and experience, provided there is a reasonable amount to start with.

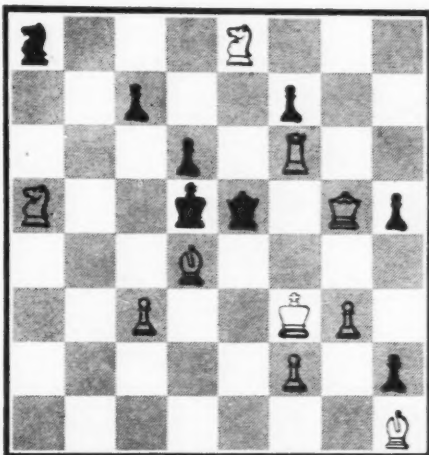
White: Potemkine, Black: A. Alekhine (St. Petersburg, 1912).

1.P-K4, P-QB4; 2.P-KKt3, P-KKt3; 3.B-Kt2, B-Kt2; 4.Kt-K2, Kt-QB3; 5.P-QB3; Kt-B3; 6.Kt-R3, P-Q4; 7.PxP, KtP; 8.Kt-B2, Castles; 9.P-Q4, PxP; 10.PxP, B-Kt5; 11.P-B3, B-B4; 12.Kt-K3, Q-R4ch;

13.K-B2, Kt(4)-Kt5; 14.KtXB, QxKt; 15.P-Kt4, Kt-Q6ch; 16.K-Kt3, KtXP; 17.PxQ, KtXPch and mate in two.

**Solution of Problem No. 258** (Schuller), Key, 1.Q-Q5.

**Problem No. 259**, by H. W. Bettmann. White mates in two moves. (10 + 8)



## Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

JACK RIFFLED the cards expertly. "Let's try something different for a change today," he said. "We haven't played for weeks."

"Okay," Bob smiled. "What's the idea?"

"So simple," replied his friend. "At the end of each game the loser pays exactly a third of whatever cash he's got then."

This sounded fair enough, so the two started playing.

After a while, however, Jack pushed back his chair. "No more," he declared. "You've now got precisely three times as much as I have, and I've lost almost exactly four bucks. And you won each of the last few games."

"Just the luck. You won every game before those," Bob reminded him. "In fact we've both won the same number."

Maybe Jack's idea wasn't so good. But how much did each have when they started playing? (141)

Answer on page 76.

## On Your Mettle!

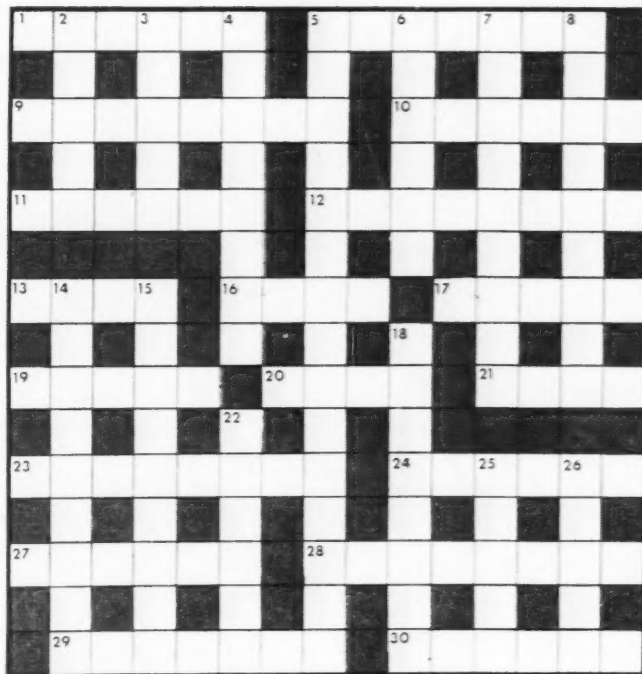
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

### ACROSS

- 1 See 2.
- 5 The story guaranteed to put you to sleep. (7)
- 9 Steers around early in the day on the water. (8)
- 10 Are they taught to look with them? (6)
- 11 Let Ed make it? (6)
- 12 Othello's country? (8)
- 13, 24. Is the C.N.E. sufficient? It'll do! (4, 6)
- 16 Where the Englishman acquires tone? (4)
- 17 Puccini's girl has a hundred who would copy her. (5)
- 19 Lady, you are twice a mother. (5)
- 20 See 2.
- 21 The kind of song that could be flat in church. (4)
- 23 Why one goes to the oculist? (8)
- 24 See 13.
- 27 What Omar found the wilderness could be, this poet lost. (6)
- 28 A formal proposal, but not on bended knee. (8)
- 29 But it was more than "a little bit of luck" that made "My Fair Lady" one. (7)
- 30 The landscape painter's view of his work. (6)

### DOWN

- 2, 20, 25, 1. How to make a horse go at the last minute? (2, 3, 4, 2, 3, 6)
- 4 Got the chopper back with very little money? Correct! (5)
- 6 Let's read all about them. (8)
- 7 It suggests David and Jonathan went on a bust. (5, 10)
- 8 Employed without me? It's upsetting! (6)
- 9 One who acts 2, 20, 25, 1. (9)
- 12 Get a linen flower, yet not an imitation one. (9)
- 14 Though some are royal, enemies are beheaded when a scoundrel is down on them. (9)
- 15 Montreal is tickled to death to have this outlook. (9)
- 18 State of the stage when Sir Herbert Beerbohm died? (8)
- 22 She was befuddled in wine. (6)
- 25 See 2.
- 26 Maxim of "The Lower Depths". (5)



### Solution to last puzzle

- |                        |                   |              |
|------------------------|-------------------|--------------|
| ACROSS                 | 26, 24. Sea horse | 7 Prisons    |
| 1 High gear            | 27 Hair           | 8 Rum        |
| 5 Diaper               | 29 Night-time     | 9 Queen      |
| 10 Ruder               | 30 Stoic          | Elizabeth    |
| 11 Pauperism           | 31 Deters         | 15 Sidle     |
| 12 Snipe               | 32 See 24         | 16 Peach     |
| 13 Eve                 |                   | 17 Eat       |
| 14 Shoes               | DOWN              | 19 Cut       |
| 16 Payment             | 1 Harps           | 21 Upright   |
| 18 Excused             | 2 Giddily         | 23 Unicorn   |
| 20 Aquatic             | 3 Gorge           | 25 Enter     |
| 22 Intrude             | 4 Apprenticeship  | 27 Hoses     |
| 24, 32. Horse Chestnut | 6 Ideas           | 28 Yacht     |
|                        |                   | 29 Nod (508) |

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# Medicine

by Claire Halliday

## No More Bottoms Up

**Injections into infants' buttocks condemned.** Serious sciatic nerve injuries occurred in 12 infants and children following intramuscular injection of various commonly used antibiotics into the buttocks. The most common injury was paralytic foot drop, resembling poliomyelitis. The recommended area for such injections in children is the front of the thigh, which has a greater muscle mass, is free of major blood vessels and motor nerves. This warning is sounded by four doctors, reporting in the *J. American Med. A.* of July 23.

**Rubber-glove dermatitis:** An article in the *British Med. J.* of July 2 describes 42 cases of dermatitis; some patients already had eczema. Untreated rubber latex is apparently harmless to the skin although some persons may be allergic to it. In 40 of the described cases, the dermatitis was due to chemicals added to the rubber during manufacture. These chemicals tend to wear off the surface of the gloves if they are stored for about three months before use. Gloves made of polyvinyl chloride are not likely to cause allergy and should be worn in preference to rubber when the skin is inflamed.

**Oral diabetes remedy,** Glipasol (a sulphamide), said too toxic for general use. This conclusion was reached by two physicians at Shaughnessy Hospital, Vancouver. After 26 days' treatment, over half of 31 patients showed evidence of liver disturbance, possibly due to hypersensitivity to the drug. The work was reported in the *Canadian Med. Association J.* of July 16.

**Fatal injuries in sports:** In the U.S.A. football accounted for 108 deaths during the 5-year period 1955-1959. Of 81 deaths, 51 were among high school players. In professional baseball, no fatal injury has occurred since 1920 and "relatively few fatalities in amateur baseball, although more than 2 million boys participate." During these same years, boxing injuries took the lives of at least 12 amateur fighters and 6 professionals. Five deaths occurred in 1959 alone. These

figures appear in *J. American Med. A.* of July 9. At the University of Wisconsin, following a brain hemorrhage and death of a student during boxing, the sport was abolished from its athletic program. *The A.M.A. News* of May 30 carried this item.

**Cervical cancer** may begin before 30. Obstetricians are urged to screen young women periodically for signs and symptoms of this type of cancer up through and following the child-bearing years. According to an article in the June 30 issue of *New England J. Med.*, there is a significant rise in the incidence of cervical cancer between the ages of 30 and 40.

**Hexachlorophene cuts infection** in nursery. In one hospital, the incidence of infection among newborns was reduced by the use of dusting powder containing this antibacterial applied to each baby's navel and body before being taken to the nursery. Staphylococcal lesions fell from over 5 per cent to less than 1 per cent. In the nursery where this dusting powder was never used, the incidence of infection remained at 7.3 per cent. This trial was reported in the *British Med. J.* 1:315, 1960.

**Rooming-in with mother** is considered in another hospital to be the most effective single method of preventing outbreaks of infection among newborns. By this means, the infection rate dropped from 37.5 per cent to 5 per cent after rooming-in was begun. The mothers benefited too. Maternal infections dropped from 5.1 to 1.5 per cent. The June issue of *Modern Med. of Canada* carries this item.

In a U.S.A. hospital, rooming-in was found the most important step in terminating an outbreak of infection among the babies. Mothers and their infants are now discharged three days after delivery. A letter in the *J. American Med. A.* of June 18 from an Australian pediatrician concurs in these benefits from rooming-in. Besides, 90 per cent of the babies are breast-fed when they leave hospital.



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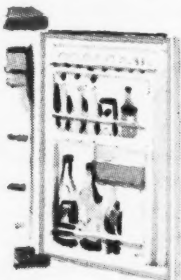
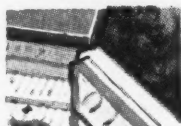
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# London Letter

by Beverley Nichols

## Required Reading in the Pubs

### THE WORD.

The four-letter word which Mr. Lawrence's gamekeeper — surely the supreme bore of all fiction — whispered so constantly into the shell-like ear of Lady Chatterley.

The word which, whether or not it has been constantly on our lips, has been constantly in our thoughts during the past few weeks.

The word “- - -”

The whole situation is Gilbertian. And it becomes super-Gilbertian when one recalls that this was the very word whose alleged use, some months ago, by a foreman to a recalcitrant laborer, caused ten thousand men to come out on strike!

Whatever the moral results of the legal decision, the physical effects are easy to discern. If you had been walking through Leicester Square on the morning after Lady Chatterley was made respectable you would have seen a queue stretching half-way round the block, composed almost exclusively of teenagers of both sexes, with a liberal sprinkling of Teddy Boys. And if you had asked what they were queueing for they would have pointed to a notice announcing in flaring letters that

LADY CHATTERLEY WILL BE  
ON SALE HERE AT NOON

This, no doubt, would be a sight to gladden the hearts of those many witnesses, including eminent ecclesiastics, who have argued that the influence of this novel is calculated to increase the public reverence for the sanctity of sex and to improve the public taste in prose. All these crowds of young people, standing so patiently in line, with the sole object of elevating themselves! All these earnest acolytes of literature, grasping with both hands this God-given opportunity to perfect their styles and enlarge their vocabularies!

When one learns that a sale of no fewer than 4,000,000 copies is anticipated, one would be justified in imagining that Britain had been suddenly illuminated by a moral and artistic renaissance. After all, a sale of 4,000,000 copies in a few months is considerably in excess of the total sales of the Bible, the Prayer Book and the works of Shakespeare.

However, there are a few fuddy-duddies like myself who wonder if the vindication of Lady Chatterley is quite such a victory for religion or quite such a triumph for literature.

For example . . . it has already become a favourite sport of young Teddy Boy thugs to arm themselves with a copy of the book and hie themselves, in a gang, to a respectable public house, choosing one where the proprietor is not over-robust and where the barmaid is young and easily shocked. Having arrived, they order their pints, and proceed to read out the juicier passages, in loud rasping voices.

What is the proprietor to do about it? Call for the police? On what grounds? Using obscene language? But they are *not* using obscene language. So what?

Indeed, the decision of the court has raised a whole host of problems . . . not only moral but legal and social. If the Word can be used in a work of fiction, freely available for sale to children, what happens if a dramatist claims the right to use it on the stage? Already an enterprising writer of revues has produced a sketch based on Shaw's *Pygmalion* with the slight difference that when Eliza Doolittle makes her exit at the end of the act, instead of saying “Not bloody likely”, she uses the Word. What is the censor to do about that? Obviously, one knows what he will do. But on what possible grounds of logic will he be able to defend himself?

It is the same with television. Shortly after the decision, in the brilliant program *Panorama* there was a heated debate between an anti-Chatterley MP and a pro-Chatterley intellectual. It had all Britain glued to the screen, and at one moment things became so fierce that the lips of the contestants seemed to be trembling on the verge of the Word itself. What would have happened if one of them had actually said it . . . or if he had dared to quote from the book itself? Again, one knows what would have happened. Our screens would have blacked out. But again . . . on what logical grounds?

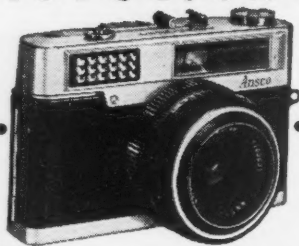
Your correspondent's reaction to all this — apart from a shiver at the sight



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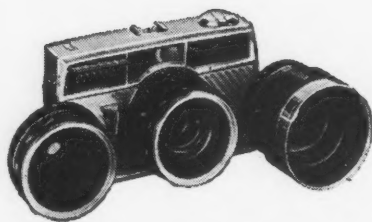
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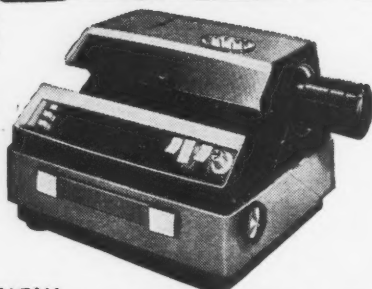
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*Bottled in  
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of all those queues of young people in Leicester Square — is best summed up by Dame Edith Sitwell. Writing in *The Observer* she recalled an occasion when, in the course of a lecture at Liverpool, she described Lawrence as the head of the Jaeger School of Poetry. (Jaeger's, I need scarcely remind you, produce among other products, an admirable line in underwear.)

She gave him this title because he was "hot, soft, and woolly."

Messrs. Jaeger . . . but let her tell the story in her own words.

"We are soft" they wrote to me "and we are woolly. But we are never hot, owing to our system of slow conductivity."

I replied begging them to invent a system of slow conductivity for Lawrence, adding that I regretted having made the comparison, since their works are unshrinkable by time, whereas the works of Lawrence, in my opinion, are not.

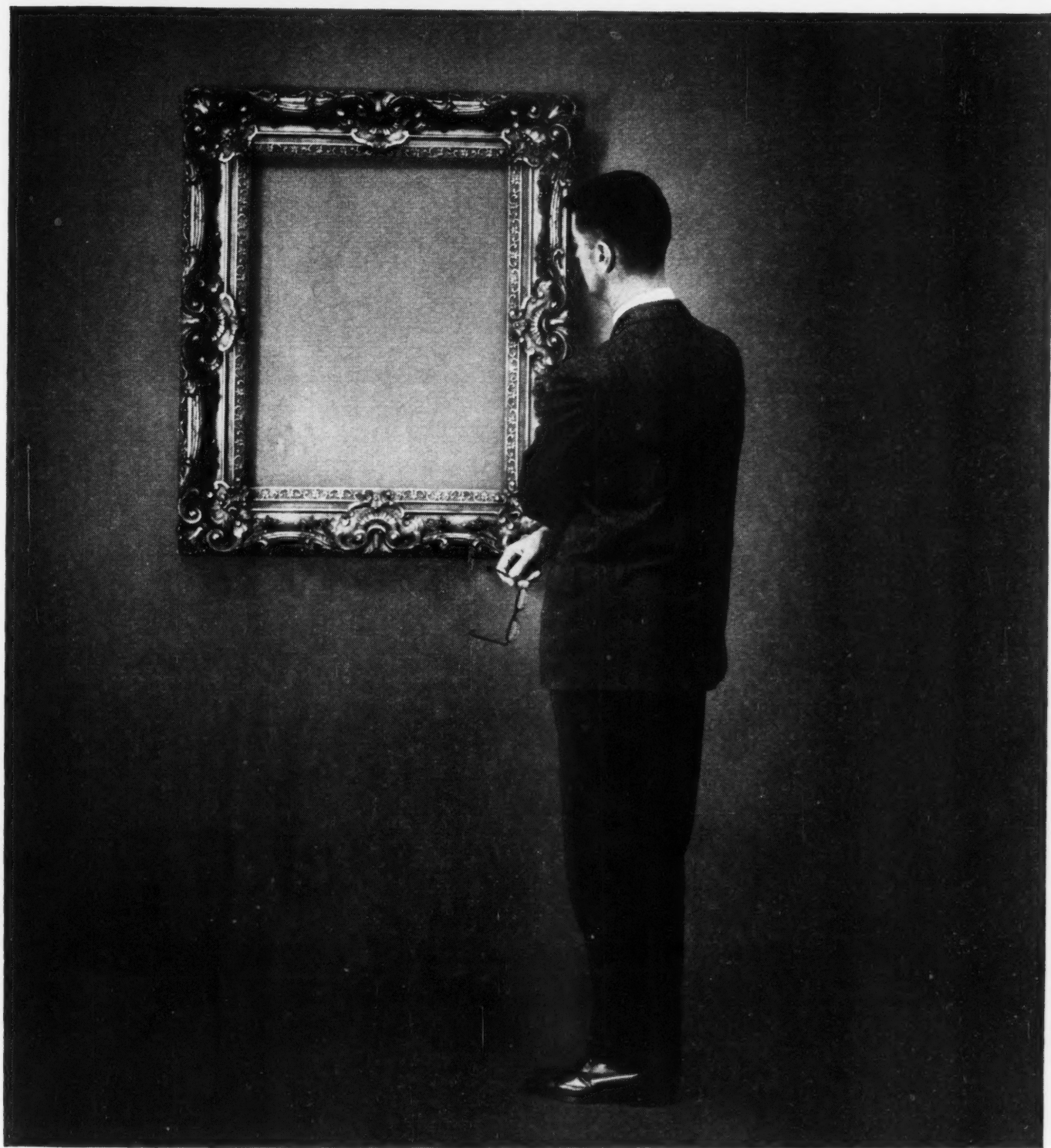
In mine, too. But the cause célèbre of Lady Chatterley has nothing, fundamentally, to do with the works of Lawrence, or with literature as such. It is the very reverse of a triumph for sanity or chastity. It is a sexual spasm which is the outward and visible sign of a sick society.

Britain's television screens are dimmer for the death of Gilbert Harding, who was the only post-war figure who might have held his own in the entourage of Doctor Johnson. He telephoned to me only a few hours before his death, asking me to come to a party. As he rang off he said joking . . . "And please Beverley, don't make any scenes."

This was a light-hearted reference to the fact that more than once we had argued so violently that we nearly came to blows. The most notorious occasion was at the height of the Cyprus troubles, after he had declared on television that "The British Empire had always been an evil thing." This seemed to me, to say the least of it, an ill-timed expression of opinion to put before the parents of thousands of boys who were being shot in the back, and I said so.

However, we made it up. One always made it up with Gilbert; he could be maddening, but he was so patently sincere that one's resentment was never lasting. In spite of his prosperity — his earnings topped £15,000 a year — in spite of his fame, which caused little boys to mob him in the street — in spite of the consolations of the Catholic religion, to which he was converted late in life — and in spite of his outward gaiety, he was the most miserable man I ever met. He constantly expressed a desire to die, and on the last occasion he came to my house to find me planting crocuses, he said . . . "I hope I shall be gone by the time they come up."





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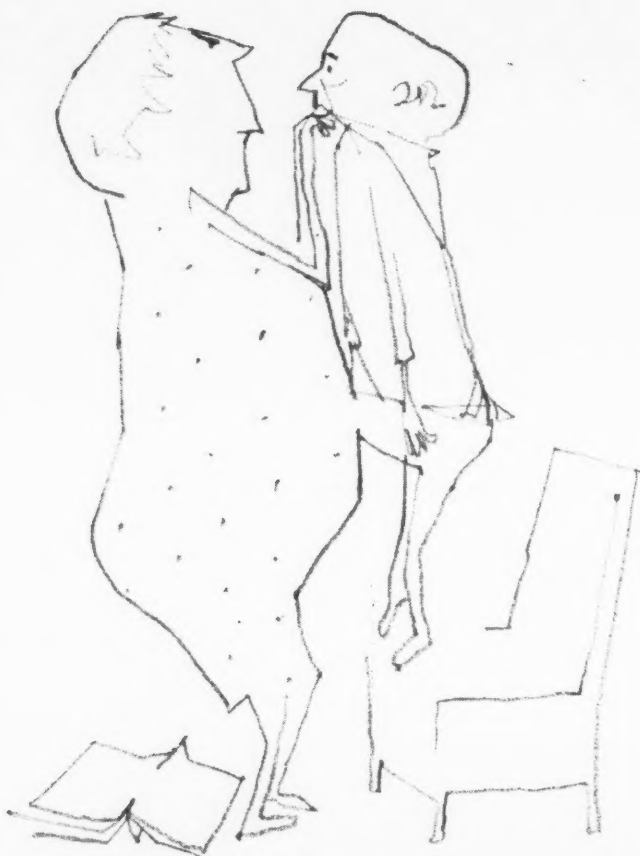
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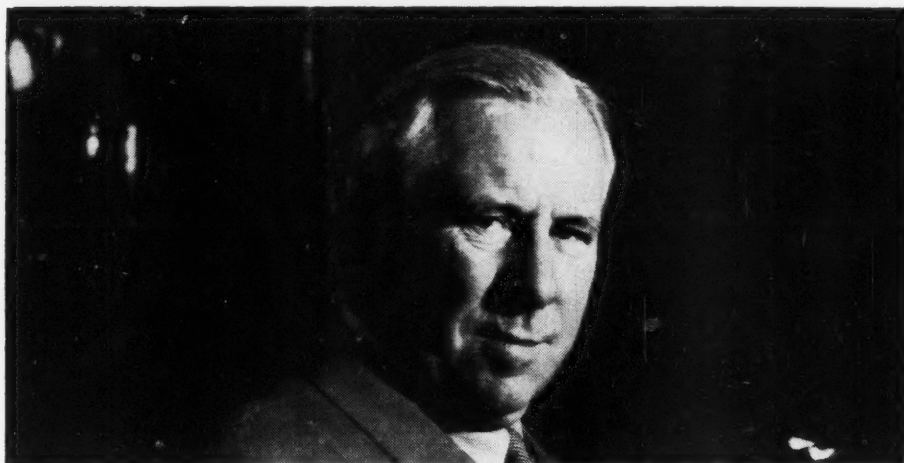


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## MAGAZINES MOVE MERCHANDISE





Kenneth Forbes: Against the kindergarten doodlers.

## Art

by Hugh Thomson

### Forbes: Leader of the Old Guard

KENNETH FORBES, the 68-year-old dean of Canadian portrait-painters, is out to expose and denounce "the multi-million-dollar racket" in modern art. "I am opposed," he declares, "to ridiculous cults and 'isms' hailed by those of little artistic intelligence as progress. I believe that they have no claim to be called art: they are simply crude, grotesque caricatures or kindergarten doodling. In no other of man's activities would this ludicrous nonsense be tolerated."

Despite his advancing years Forbes is still very much the scrapper. In 1912, when he was an art student in London, he won two open British amateur-boxing competitions and has a cauliflower-ear as a souvenir. He enlisted in the First World War and saw almost three years of front-line fighting. Today, therefore, when he is not painting the portraits of Canadian celebrities, he does valiant battle with the Philistine cult of ugly and incomprehensible art, the powerful propaganda and the support it receives from the curators of galleries and those *avant-garde* critics who are determined to oust the traditionalists amongst whom Forbes is proud to count himself.

I met Forbes in his studio north of Toronto where he was applying the finishing touches to a portrait of John Diefenbaker, which was commissioned by the Shriners of America and will be hung beside the portraits of three American presidents in the society's headquarters. On either side of the Prime Minister stood the pictures which won Forbes the coveted Procter Portrait Prize twice from the National Academy of Design, USA:

one of the rugged Capt. Melville Millar of the American Cavalry; the other of Forbes's wife, Jean, who is a painter in her own right.

Forbes showed me prints of two works by leading exponents of the schools he abhors. One was Cézanne's *Boy in the Red Waistcoat* which fetched one of the highest prices ever paid at any art auction in London — \$660,000; the other was Picasso's *Mother and Child* which went for \$162,000 at a New York sale. "Look at the infantile craftsmanship and bad composition of both of them," he remarked. "Cézanne's followers are beginning to admit that he was a clumsy craftsman. But Picasso's disciples claim he paints like a master. This is, of course, outrageous. Picasso could not paint traditionally to save his neck and so he took refuge in the grotesque style."

Picasso is Kenneth Forbes's arch-enemy because he is unquestionably the foremost "grotesque" painter. His arch-foe in Canada is Harold Town whom he describes as "the most flamboyant of our kindergarten doodlers." He had this to say of Van Gogh: "He was a lunatic who took up art by accident when he was 27 years old. You will hear persons who fancy themselves as progressive patrons of art claiming that Van Gogh had vitality. He had the vitality of a violently deranged mind. A loud and furious jazz band may have vitality but the Budapest String Quartet has power, not physical but musical."

Forbes is a lover of music and, consistent with his taste in art, is classical in his preferences. He rises every morning

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at six, listens to recordings while having a leisurely breakfast in his studio, and by seven is at work. "The general public which goes to galleries," he said, "has no use for the modernistic, but that is virtually all it can see the year around, except, perhaps, in summer when some galleries may bring out a few traditional works from their permanent collections.

"The curators are in this multi-million-dollar swindle and, for the past twenty years, have been buying 95 per cent abstract and grotesque art. This is insolence when you consider that the traditional is the art people understand and wish to see. The wonder is that they allow curators to foist hideous, meaningless art on them."

Forbes's solution is simple: "Appoint only traditional artists to the boards of directors, with the selection of art to be shown and to be purchased solely in their hands. Let the business of the galleries be administered by committees composed of businessmen. Curators should act as mere superintendents of the buildings and not interfere in contemporary art."

Kenneth Keith Forbes is the son of a celebrated Canadian portrait-painter, the late John Colin Forbes, who limned the likenesses of such notables as Gladstone, Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Ezra Cornell. Forbes Sr. was one of the founders of the Royal Canadian Academy and the first Canadian (Lilias Torrance Newton notwithstanding) to receive a commission to paint state portraits of reigning British monarchy. He painted King Edward and Queen Alexandra on commission from Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The pictures hung in the federal parliament buildings until they were destroyed by fire.

When he was four years old, Kenneth began drawing "cows, horses and people." His father observed he was a chip off the old easel and gave him expert guidance and, eventually, the finest training in the mother country. While he was attending the Slade School of Art, which is affiliated to the University of London, he earned his first important amateur-boxing titles: the lightweight and middle-weight championships of London University. Following this double victory he won two open British competitions and became known as "First Round" Forbes because he lost little time knocking his opponents out after the first bell.

He had me stand while he demonstrated his ring strategy without, of course, connecting. He ripped through my guard and let fly with a rapid one-two combination to the stomach and chin. The second blow whistled past my right ear. If at that moment I had whispered into his cauliflower ear, "I represent modern art," there is little doubt I would have wound up not on, but through, one of his canvases.



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Victor Sjöström in "Wild Strawberries": Level-eyed realism.

## Films

by Mary Lowrey Ross

### Dream World of Ingmar Bergman

THERE IS A FAMILIAR Chinese legend about the sage who dreamed he was a butterfly and was so transported by the experience that he could never afterwards decide whether he was a man dreaming he was a butterfly or a butterfly dreaming he was a man.

It seems to be a quality of Ingmar Bergman films that they can impose the same curious, if temporary, state of ambivalence. They have a dream's immediacy, at once vivid and unreal, as well as a dream's pure rootlessness in time and space. Then there is the darkness and the hush, with only the hypnotic patch before us, illumined and alive. So it isn't much wonder that the familiar world dissolves and the shadow world, especially when it is revealed in such a film as *Wild Strawberries*, takes on a knife-like reality.

The story here, if so complex a piece of work can be reduced to story terms, has to do with a day in the life of a seventy-four year old Swedish scientist, from the moment he wakes from an ominous dream till he falls peacefully to sleep at night. In the interval he has reassessed his life and faced the full significance of an existence deliberately emptied of human love and warmth.

In a sense the film is a morality play, filled at almost every instant with the great abstractions of love and death, youth and age, hatred and love. Ingmar Bergman is, however, far too scrupulous an artist to create anything approaching a film-homily, and while *Wild Strawberries* is a story of regeneration it is also

a minute exploration of the complex and baffling human spirit.

There is nothing nebulous about the Bergman dreams, which can be as sharp as the remembered edge of a nightmare and as literal as the camera itself. Thus in the opening sequence the scientist finds himself wandering down an unfamiliar street, shuttered and desolate. Then a hearse swings around the corner, clangs against an iron post, clangs and clangs again till a wheel is dislodged and the casket falls to the ground. The scientist leans above it and the hand that grasps his arm is his own hand and the face in the casket his own face.

It is a shattering sequence, presented with a kind of level-eyed realism, and when it is over you feel as though a door had shut behind you, leaving you committed inescapably to the waking and dreaming world of the central figure. Sometimes it is a waking dream, sometimes a re-descent into nightmare, sometimes a cheerful evocation of the present. But nothing interrupts either the flow of self-discovery, or the curious magic of the imagery.

The picture is supplied with English titles, which are necessary only because Bergman has chosen an unusually subtle and complex theme. As far as possible he appears to follow the rule that a screen-play must be told in terms of acting, symbol and visual imagery. The camera is the narrator and conceivably the whole story might be traced through the shifting attitudes and expressions of

the actors themselves, and through the constant changes of mood and pace.

The leading role is played here by Victor Sjöström who is a remarkable performer. The rest of the cast measures up to the formidable Bergman standards and seem indeed to be a reflection of the Swedish conjurer, who dominates story, actors and in the end the audience itself.

I suppose *Midnight Lace*, too, belongs in the dream category, since it manages, if only intermittently, to trick you into a foolish state of credulity. This is because Doris Day, the heroine and victim of the plot, is kept in a perpetual state of hysteria which doesn't begin to simmer down till she is rescued, all in midnight lace, from the shaky top girder of an apartment house reconstruction. Panic, when it is sustained for a couple of hours, is bound to spread.

In any case, it is an elegant picture to look at. The newly married Prestons (Doris Day and Rex Harrison) live in a stylish two-level London apartment where they enjoy practically everything that money can buy. They are rapturously in love and spend in each others arms every instant Mr. Preston can spare from his board meetings and Mrs. Preston from her shopping.

Then Mrs. Preston begins to hear voices, some of them arriving from nowhere and some coming direct over the telephone. Meanwhile she is trapped in elevators, threatened by falling girders, and pushed in front of buses. The crises crowd on each others' heels and, since she gets a dazzling new outfit with every one of them, it is a relief on all counts when she winds up in an examination ward, in a plain white hospital shift fastened up the back.

This isn't by any means the end, however, and if you are interested in seeing what can happen to a heroine with more money than is good for her, *Midnight Lace* will supply you with an eye-ful. The cast includes Myrna Loy and Herbert Marshall, both at their worldliest.



Doris Day and Rex Harrison.



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# Books for Christmas

by Eugene Forsey

## Arthur Meighen: The Whole Man

ARTHUR MEIGHEN was a very great man, and this first volume of Roger Graham's biography is worthy of him. From its pages shine forth alike the crystal clarity of his intellect, the crystal integrity of his character. No one who reads it will have any difficulty understanding what Professor Graham has elsewhere called "the fierce devotion" of Meighen's friends. For in this book he lives again. It is not a photograph, or even a portrait: it is a drama, the drama of a real man in a real world.

It is also, for it comes down only to the beginning of his first premiership, a story of almost unbroken success; and success achieved not by hedging and trimming and calculated ambiguity, not by demagogic ranting or the exploitation of prejudice, but by unswerving adherence to conviction, by hard work, hard thinking and hard fighting, by rational argument and plain speech. To those who have known Canada only in, and since, the Age of Mackenzie King, it is an astonishing, indeed an incredible, tale. But it happened.

How it happened, Professor Graham tells in a style as lucid, as witty, and as trenchant as Meighen's own, to which, indeed, I suspect it owes a good deal: "the dyer's hand, Subdued to what it works in". The first forty-eight pages deal with the first thirty-four years, down to the entry into Parliament, in 1908. Brief as they are, these chapters lay a sure foundation for the rest; for, from the beliefs and the loyalties of those early years, Meighen never deviated. But of course it is the other 250 pages that are most enthralling.

Meighen's first session saw the beginning of his long duel with Mackenzie King; oddly enough, the first time he attempted the almost impossible task of pinning King down was on the question of the eight-hour day on Dominion public works. The result was prophetic of many later encounters: the eagle struck, but the serpent slithered away. In that same session, Meighen won from Laurier the

stupendous compliment of being compared with Blake and Cartwright, two of the greatest parliamentarians Canada has ever known.

Meighen's interest in the eight-hour day was no flash in the pan. He was very far from being a yes-man for employers or big interests. Indeed, as Professor Graham suggests, his western radical brand of Conservatism may already have begun to arouse the suspicions of some of the more orthodox Tories. For in his second session he proposed a bill to protect farmers against destruction of stock by railway locomotives and a resolution calling for a lower tariff on farm implements, and made a strong speech against trusts and combines.

He took no part in the great Reciprocity debate in the House. He began to enter into his kingdom with the Naval Bill of 1913, and the closure rule he drafted to put an end to months of obstruction. His performance here was masterly, and led directly to his appointment as Solicitor-General; not, however, before he had joined two other highly

independent Conservatives, R. B. Bennett and W. F. Nickle, in fighting the Senate and the Bankers' Association on amendments to the Bank Act.

From the moment he entered the Ministry, even before he was promoted to the Cabinet, two years later, he was a dominant figure. His duties as Solicitor-General, and later in some other portfolios, were not heavy; but simply meant that he had all the more time for the big, hard jobs outside his department which Borden repeatedly entrusted to him. Time after time he was thrust into the very forefront of the battle; invariably he routed the enemy; but, unfortunately, for his own career, he also became one of the best-hated men in Canada.

The whole Government was responsible for the nationalization of the Canadian Northern, the Grand Trunk, and the Grand Trunk Pacific, for conscription, for the Wartime Elections Act, for the suppression of the Winnipeg General Strike and the subsequent amendments to the Criminal Code. But Meighen drafted the bills, Meighen was their most vigorous and effective defender. Meighen went to Winnipeg and recommended the policy the Cabinet adopted; and on Meighen's head, almost alone, fell the wrath and vengeance of St. James Street, of the French-Canadians, and of organized labor; and, for good measure (since he was the most unflinching exponent of the National Policy), the wrath and vengeance of the Prairie farmers.

Most of this volume deals with a period of Meighen's career from which Mackenzie King was mercifully absent. For, from 1911 until the second session of 1919, King was out of the House, and for the most part out of politics and out of the country. But from the moment of his reappearance, he naturally bulks large, though only because his official position as Leader of the Opposition made him, perforce, Meighen's principal target.

King feared and hated Meighen. He had good reason to, as these pages amply prove, for Meighen invariably ripped him



*Meighen: The forefront of battle.*

to shreds, and King had about as much capacity to reply as a feather bed. Meighen neither feared nor hated King. He had, as far as he could see, no reason to. He simply despised him.

It is plain that Professor Graham feels the same way, though the quotation on the dust jacket, describing King as "the most contemptible charlatan ever to darken the annals of Canadian politics", is not from this book but from an earlier article. Academic (and perhaps other) reviewers, if my own experience is any guide, will no doubt reproach him with "partiality" and "lack of objectivity". But, again to judge from my own experience, they will probably refrain from any attempt to challenge his facts or the logic of his conclusions.

Never were two antagonists so ill matched as Meighen and King. Each was everything the other was not. As Professor Graham says, "Two clashing temperaments, two divergent views of responsible, parliamentary government were already at war. A talent for clear, incisive controversy confronted a talent for ambiguity and obfuscation. . . . Only time would reveal which type could best succeed and survive in a twentieth-century democratic state."

The last chapter of the book, "Successor to Borden", is, as its title suggests, both epilogue and prologue: epilogue to the triumphal progress as private member and Minister, prologue to the frustrations of the first short premiership, the four years of brilliant and devastating opposition, the "hundred days", and the tragic eclipse of September 1926. Reading it, no one can have any difficulty seeing why Meighen lost the election of 1921. For he entered upon a wretched, even a ruined, inheritance.

For some time before Borden retired, the leadership had, in effect, been in commission: Borden was away, or ill, or both. Half a dozen of Meighen's most influential colleagues opposed his succession, and some at first refused to serve under him. There was no organization. Quebec was implacably hostile. So were most of the farmers. So was big business. So was a good deal of organized labor; Meighen described some of it as seeming to be "on the borderland between rebellion and lunacy".

It is just conceivable that a temporizer, a compromiser, a conciliator, might have held a few more seats in 1921; and certainly Meighen, his every act and utterance "unrevised and unrepented", was mis-cast for any such rôle. But it is, I think, much more likely that any other leader, especially one who had tried to outbid King in being all things to all men, would have done even worse than Meighen, and would have left his party without any basis for recovery.

What was needed was a first-class

fighting man. Meighen was that, and the only one in sight. But he took command too late, and under burdens which genius itself could not have borne to immediate success.

So much for Meighen the public man, whom Professor Graham, in these pages, re-creates with an unobtrusive skill that well exemplifies the classic, *Ars est celare artem*. But not the least of his services to Meighen's memory are the deft touches which give us also the "other Meighen": the absent-minded, warm-hearted, generous, understanding friend, with his humor, his delight in jokes on himself,

his total disregard of externals, his essential simplicity.

Here, in this book, for the first forty-six years of Meighen's life, is the whole man, with all his incomparable gifts, and his limitations too. Everyone who reads this first volume will wait eagerly, and confidently for the sequel. For even this volume is proof that Professor Graham is one of our very few first-rate political biographers.

**Arthur Meighen—1: The Door of Opportunity**, A biography in two volumes by Roger Graham — Clarke, Irwin — \$7.50.

## Betjeman's Graceful Garland

by Arnold Edinborough

No self-respecting poet in England reaches the age of 50 without writing his autobiography. John Lehmann, Stephen Spender, C. Day Lewis have all done it in the past two years, but John Betjeman has out-scooped them all—he has written his autobiography in verse.

*Summoned By Bells* is a delight from beginning to end, not just because it is written in verse (and good verse at that) but because it is the work of a highly original, amusing and thoroughly engaging mind.

There is, for example, his recollection of prejudice towards his name on the part of his next-door neighbors—

*"In fact it was the mother there who first  
Made me aware of insecurity  
When war was near: 'Your name is  
German, John'  
But I had always thought that it was  
Dutch . . .  
That tee-jay-ee, that fatal tee-jay-ee*



*Betjeman: O happy, happy Browns.*

*Which I have watched the hesitating  
pens  
Of Government clerks and cloakroom  
porters fink.  
I asked my mother. 'No,' she said, 'it's  
Dutch;  
Thank God you're English on your  
mother's side.'  
O happy, happy Browns and Robin-  
sons!"*

By rigid selection he not only makes his poem enjoyable, but he also fleshes out a remarkably lifelike portrait of himself from his childhood days ("Safe in a world of trains and buttered toast"), through school at Marlborough, to Oxford and to his acceptance as a teacher at a prep school.

Betjeman, both because of his name and nature, did not fit easily into the standard private school upbringing of the English, but even in thinking back on this, he is amusing rather than complaining—

*"Luxuriating backwards in the bath,  
I swish the warmer water round my  
legs  
Towards my shoulders, and the waves  
of heat  
Bring those five years of Marlborough  
through to me,  
In comfortable retrospect: 'Thank God  
I'll never have to go through them  
again.'  
As with my toes I reach towards the  
tap  
And turn it to a trickle, stealing warm  
About my tender person, comes a voice  
An inner voice that calls, 'Be fair! Be  
fair!  
It was not quite as awful as you think*

This wonderful unbuttoned attitude towards life in general is what makes *Sum-*



moned By Bells such cozy reading. I have had my copy of the book only two weeks, but I have read almost all of it aloud to myself and more than two-thirds of it aloud to other people because it is witty and humane.

What better description could there be, after all, than this incident in Marlborough chapel—

*"The centre and the mainspring of your lives,  
The inspiration for your work and sport,  
The corporate life of this great public school  
Spring from its glorious chapel. Day by day  
You come to worship in its noble walls,  
Hallowed by half a century of prayer."  
The Old Marlburian bishop thundered on  
When all I worshipped were the athletes, ranged  
In the pews opposite. "Be pure," he cried,  
And, for a moment, stilled the sea of coughs.  
"Do nothing that would make your mother blush  
If she could see you. When the Tempter comes  
Spurn him and God will lift you from the mire."  
O, who is God? O tell me, who is God?"*

Such creation of character in a few lines appears everywhere—

*"I used to sketch  
Under the tutelage of Mr. Hughes,  
Who taught us art and let us speak our minds."*

Or, again, about a man who tried to be leader of the Bohemian undergraduate set—

*"The overcrowded room was lit by gas  
And smelt of mice and chicken soup and dogs."*

And the bells that had summoned him from sleep at school, had summoned him to church from home and had summoned him to sherry from his college set change on the last page as he becomes a schoolmaster—

*"The sun that shone on Edward James  
Shone also down on me  
A prep-school master teaching Games,  
Maths, French, Divinity.  
Harsh hand-bells harried me from sleep  
For thirty pounds a term and keep."*

The only trouble with *Summoned By Bells* is that the book keeps on ringing in our head, and no one who reads it will ever be quite free of John Betjeman again.

*Summoned By Bells*, by John Betjeman—Macmillan—\$3.25.

# Steel: Its People and Purse-Strings

by R. M. Baiden

WHEN WILLIAM M. KILBOURN was planning *The Elements Combined* late last winter, he ticked off six probable audiences for his history of The Steel Company of Canada Ltd. These were:

Shareholders; Stelco employees; customers and suppliers; the public; opinion leaders (church, political, business); and serious students of economic history, sociology, general market analysis and business administration.

Dr. Kilbourn then observed that it would be the judgment of the last named group which would be of ultimate value. For that reason it would be "to their greater knowledge that this history must make some small attempt to contribute".

But, this said, Kilbourn immediately imposed singularly limiting conditions for his contribution:

"The serious student . . . will be unsatisfied with anything less than a frank and full appeal to the truth. The author bears in mind of course that telling the truth is not to be confused with candor and indiscretion, nor can it be carried to the point of breach of faith about details of present concern, any more than a doctor could in good faith publish his patient's secrets."

It should not be inferred here that *The Elements Combined* is one long ministration to the corporate vicissitudes of Stelco; for it is not. But neither can Kilbourn be accused of confusing truth with candor.

Dr. Kilbourn was commissioned by Stelco to write *The Elements Combined* to commemorate the company's 50th anniversary, which occurs this year. He was given free and ready access to company files and personnel and made it clear that he would resign his commission if he felt that Stelco were using him to write a mere puff for the company. Also, he approached his task with a built-in bias against "big business". (This last, incidentally, changed sharply during his work on this book.)

In *The Elements Combined*, Kilbourn works under considerable difficulties. The most obvious is the necessity to breathe life into the operation of a corporate structure. Equally important, however, is the necessity to pull together the disparate threads—or elements—which, combined, resulted in that corporate entity and which, analysed and interpreted, give meaning and value to the company and thereby to the book itself. This, in turn, involves writing about many people, living and dead, honestly and sympathetically.

Overall, the development of Stelco must be tied to the values of the times.

In a great deal of this, Kilbourn succeeds remarkably well. With great skill he picks out the early intimations of the later Stelco. Beginning with an obscure smith near Montreal in the 1790's, Kilbourn carefully traces the diverse origins of the components of Stelco through to their unification under the genius of Max Aitken and then on to the evolution of present corporate management.

It is in this development that we learn of the involvement of such people as E. R. Wood, the Toronto bond financier, Senator Cox of Canada Life, Sir Edmund Walker of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Sir Sanford Fleming, Bonar Law, William McMaster, Sir Edmund Osler, Isaak Walton Killam, and a host of others.

Events are handled as skilfully as people. The First World War, the Great Depression, the Second World War and their effects upon the Canadian economy generally and upon Stelco in particular form some of the most interesting passages in the book. The changing relationships between business and government are laid out and implications adroitly drawn.

And there is more than just recitation of historical detail with interpretation. There is lyricism close to being a hymn to steel:

*"The ingots enter the enormous shed in stately upright procession, perhaps forty of them, in single file, somnambulant, on a moving belt of flat cars, to the rhythmic alarm of an unseen bell. It is as if some dream had arisen at high noon, palpable and real, larger than the events of ordinary living, etched on the mind with a clarity not present in the blurred outline of the common round, but ungraspable in its meaning."*

But if Kilbourn strays toward rapturous imagery, he can also be savage, as in this description of life for steel workers before safety was thought to be of any importance:

*"By 1913 the slaughter of workmen in all American industries reached the total of 25,000 killed and 700,000 seriously injured. Veteran steel men still remember the days when the opposite side of the road from a typical big American steel plant was lined for a mile or so with three kinds of business establishments—the saloon, the whorehouse, and the funeral parlor. When word of a bad accident got out, little squads of undertakers*

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would rush across the street in anticipation of a body to fight over."

Labor and the 1947 strike are dealt with extensively. Certainly, Kilbourn attempts to be impartial here and certainly he points out faults on both the union's and the company's sides, but on balance, it is clear he favors the company's position. It is here, for example, that Kilbourn's penchant for moralising shines through. Discussing the fact that Stelco succeeded in retaining many of its management rights in the settlement of the 1947 strike, he says:

"They thus avoided the stultifying ef-

fect of rigid seniority provisions and other elaborate ritual codes for the consecration of inefficiency."

But if anyone thinks he will learn any of the inner secrets of Stelco in reading this book he is mistaken. He will learn a great deal of interest about many of the people involved in Stelco and a great deal about the degree to which Stelco has grown in different stages of development. But he will learn very little, indeed, about how that growth was managed.

**The Elements Combined**, by William M. Kilbourn — Clarke, Irwin — \$6.50.

# Sound of Battles Long Ago

by Arthur Lower

IT IS RATHER more than thirty years now since Frank Underhill began throwing about his darts of provocation and stimulation. They were launched in many directions and often in many directions at once — so much so that one used to wonder at times whether they were thrown just for the mere fun of throwing, though when they stuck in some victim's tender spot, I suspect Underhill was very much pleased to see him jump.

Sticking pins in people brings response — often heavy-handed response. Frank could therefore not have expected to escape the occasional spanking; he has taken it, when administered, in good part.

I have known Frank Underhill during all this long period, and while he has flung an occasional dart in my direction, too (which gives me the excuse for saying whatever I find necessary to say in this review), our friendship has steadily deepened. Unfortunately, perhaps, for both of us, we were never fated to be colleagues in the same institution. I can believe that if we had been, we would both have benefitted for we would have struck fire from each other. But then I would have lost my equally long association with Arthur Phelps, and that, apart from personal friendship, has had precisely that value.

Frank first burst upon — no, rather walked into—the Canadian scene in the 1920's. The first essay in this *In Search of Canadian Liberalism* dates from 1927. It is an academic study of "Upper Canadian Radical Opinion in the Decade Before Confederation" (1857-1867). It goes far toward revealing the complete Underhill. Later writings expand the details, but here is the essence.

Frank says in his Introduction (p. IX): "I was born a North York Presbyterian Grit". That is, he presumably was brought up on the "Scotsman's Bible", the Toronto

*Globe* and the great hulking figure of George Brown who must have loomed over him all his growing days. What more natural than that his first Canadian historical essay of importance should be based on a study of George Brown and *The Globe*? George Brown and *The Globe* and Upper Canada — Ontario — have never since been far away from him.

When he taught in the West (Saskatoon) during the 1920's, he found there a replica of his family memories of Upper Canada—good men arrayed against bad men, crusaders "for the right" laying about them, and "sinister interests" lurking in the shadows. As he says, "Something in my heredity or in my environment, whatever it was, did make it certain that I should never belong or want to belong to the Establishment".

This latter stylish word he takes over from English writers. I don't think I would use it myself. Nevertheless, I can understand his psychology perfectly. As a child, he almost certainly threw paper balls at the teacher when the latter's back was turned.

Frank's "bad boy" psychology has made him piquant and interesting. But, I must cruelly ask, has it not, joined to his absorbed interest in the current scene and his saturation in "Upper Canada", prevented him from winning through to a secure philosophy for himself? If I were to add that possibly the two together have prevented him from securing the rank among Canadian historians that his abilities and his style should have given him, he might readily retort that there are more important things than the writing of history.

This would lead to a long debate about the nature and uses of history. But that cannot be entered on here. I think, however, that his work generally and that his book in particular reflect his absorption in



the current and the local scene. His vision does not extend to French Canada or even to British Columbia or the Maritimes. His forte has been the short piece, either the historical essay like the first five in this book, the little sketch, such as "J. W. Dafoe" (four pages), or the frankly exhortatory article.

Exhortation in one form or another, of course, creeps in everywhere. But it never becomes dull sermonizing; it is invariably redeemed by Underhillian epigram, Underhillian shafts of wit and clarity of statement.

Personally, I am extremely pleased at the appearance of this volume, and for half a dozen reasons. For one thing, it is in some measure a compensation for the lack of a large and comprehensive piece of writing from Underhill. I take this opportunity, as I have done before, to plead with him to get on with his biography of Edward Blake. I hope it will be a full-scale life. It will fill a conspicuous gap in our political biography and give its author the opportunity to pull together all sorts of loose ends.

As a matter of fact, these present pages testify to the many books which he might have written, but which, thanks to his inspiration as a teacher, actually have been written by others. Secondly, this present book enables us to see the development of a first-rate Canadian mind over the years. Here is the intellectual picture of a man—surely a remarkable phenomenon in this salesman's civilization of ours! And third, the pieces included (many of them from what is in itself a remarkable phenomenon in Canadian life, *The Canadian Forum*) bring back to me, as they will to many another elder, the sounds of battles long ago.

I remember the appearance of a great many of them. I remember the resounding bang with which they dropped into the middle of Canadian respectability. "Our Professors and Politics", for example, in 1936: "All Canadian economists are divided into two classes — there are, firstly, those who have already served on Royal Commissions and there are, secondly, those who are hoping to do so." Such remarks did not endear him to either class. Nor will their repetition to their successors.

I am somewhat critical of the arrangement Underhill has chosen to follow. If the book is, as it seems to me, a picture of the development of one man's mind, I think the pieces would have been better in strict chronological order, whatever their subject. Instead, the author has put them in groups: "The Liberal Past", "Political Controversy in the 1930's and 1940's", etc. And within these large heads, there is still another semi-logical arrangement. Thus the first group begins with a piece from 1946 — "Some Reflections on the Liberal Tradition in Canada", then

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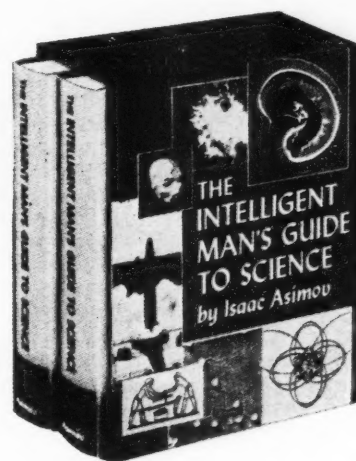
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dodges about to 1935, to 1927, to 1942, to 1933.

There may be some mysterious inner unity here, but to me, at any rate, especially as a historian, a time arrangement would have given more unity and more understanding of Underhill. I doubt if his "contributions" are as important as himself. They are always polished, usually sub-acid. Many of them surmount his hobby-horses and rise to heights of sound analysis, but always they are F.H.U., the individual, the personality. Fancy making such remarks about the endless rows of respectable nonentities that have for the most part marked our Canadian university scene!

And now, as Frank has cast the occasional dart of his in my direction, I feel entitled to get out my blunderbuss and take a pot shot at him. I must ask him seriously to examine his conscience and

decide whether he has not been too much the ideologue, the man who loves to play with ideas. Has he not been rather "up in the air", without adequate contact with the grass roots?

He may hurl similar charges at me. He says I am just a Barrie boy (p. 269), but growing up in a small Ontario town, I secured a sense of stability, of rootedness. I was a member of a genuine society; and if I am to live, I have to continue to be. Perhaps Frank has been too much the disembodied mind.

But however it may be, we all love him—even, I think, those former enemies of his who tried to sack him years ago—and personally, as I anxiously scan the horizon for possible successors, I wish there were more of him.

**In Search of Canadian Liberalism**, by Frank Underhill—*Macmillan*—\$5.

## Sparks from the Grind

by Arnold Edinborough

My copy of the *Adventures of a Columnist* by Pierre Berton came with an inscription: "For Arnold Edinborough with best wishes, Pierre Berton October 1960". Payola? I wasn't sure, but before sending it back (as Berton himself would under such circumstances) I noticed that it had the ordinary review slip inside. Berton's wishes were merely an addition to the usual publisher's copy.

But Berton does not need any good wishes to get himself noticed. His book alone would do that. For Berton is by far the best newspaper columnist in this country and gets that reputation by being candid, naming names and never letting pressure dissuade him from what he wants to expose, be it rackets in the *Toronto Star* want-ads (the revenue from which goes towards paying his salary), in used-car sales, in television repair contracts, or in such bigger game as the York Township land scandals.

By naming names, by prying into businesses by means of "operatives" who then report back to Berton, he also trades on fundamental human curiosity. What is the truth about Arthur Murray's dance courses? What are the facts about those fabulously low-priced vacuum cleaners? Can you ever really help to send a magazine salesman to college or to Europe? These questions, and a myriad others like them which housewives ask themselves at coffee time, are the ones Berton finds the answers for.

The power and impact of his column is shown by the fact that when such reports are here reprinted in book form they still make fascinating and improving reading. And he is old pro enough in the

book to answer a few questions about himself and his column which people have started to ask in addition. Does *The Star* print everything he writes? (No, and he here prints the two columns that in the past year *The Star* has balked at).

Does the publicity have any effect on the people who are so mercilessly exposed? (Yes: "Arthur Murray and President Electric (vacuum cleaners) have announced a change in selling techniques . . . In addition two columns had specific results: Mrs. Brant, the lady who was sweet-talked into buying milk powder and the mixing machine, got her money back . . . and Operative 67 . . . finally did get that bargain basement vacuum cleaner".)

When not asking questions, the average man of Berton's age is reminiscing (look at the Sports Columns if you don't believe this). Berton reminisces too. And since he was a newspaper reporter in Vancouver before the war, and was brought up in Dawson City he has a lot to remember from two areas which have always had an aura of romance around them — the Yukon and the City Room of a big newspaper.

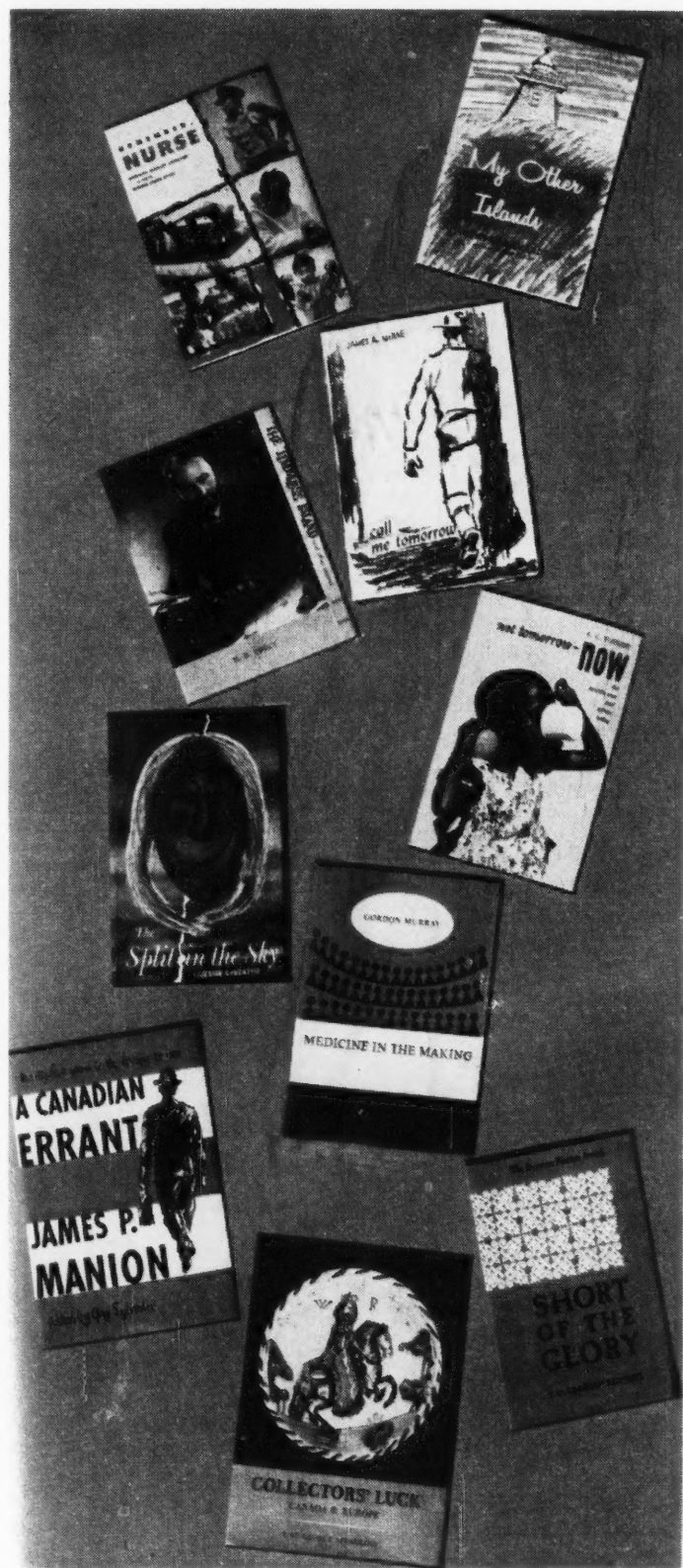
But none of this would be any good, or at least would be no better than the work of a lot of other columnists, were it not for his skill in writing.

To read *Adventures of a Columnist* is for another journalist, to be made aware of this yet again. This daily column is in fact, also a permanent record, well put together, of the strange times which we all live in.

**Adventures of a Columnist**, by Pierre Berton — *McClelland & Stewart* — \$5.



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In his concluding pages Scott offers a refreshing contrast to Diefenbaker's bombastic platitudes on civil liberties. He correctly concludes that the Prime Minister's much vaunted Bill of Rights, which is conceived in terms of old-fashioned political and personal freedoms, fails to protect the right to non-discrimination in employment in particular and cultural and economic rights in general.

This luminous and eloquent book has far-reaching implications for social philosophy. It deserves careful study by all Canadians who are interested in public affairs. J.A.I.

**Civil Liberties and Canadian Federalism**  
by F. R. Scott—University of Toronto Press—\$2.

## Our Painters

AN ANTHOLOGY of Canadian art which does not include anything about Bartlett is a little eccentric, and the new Oxford anthology is eccentric.

It sets out to cover Canadian art from the early times of New France through to the modern and mainly abstract school. The scope is thus wide, and the book includes pictures of frontals made for the French churches of the 17th century, some interesting examples of early wood and stone architecture and even a specimen of an arrow sash.

In addition to these somewhat unusual inclusions, there are the more obvious ones — Krieghoff's "Merrymaking" (reproduced in color), two of Paul Kane's Indian sketches, a representative chunk of the work of the School of Seven, with a good Tom Thomson in color and Frederick Varley's "Night Ferry, Vancouver".

Both Jack Shadbolt and Alfred Pellan are represented by color reproductions as are Jean-Paul Riopelle and Jean Dallaire.

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pecially when some of the earlier examples would have gained immeasurably from color reproduction.

The reproductions are not as good as one would expect from the Oxford University Press (there are quite obvious flecks on some of the plates used). But for \$5.50 this is still a useful and inexpensive anthology.

L.S.

**An Anthology of Canadian Art**, edited by Robert H. Hubbard — *Oxford University Press*—\$5.50.

## Think or Die

THE INCREASED RATE of technological progress in the twentieth century has left in its train a number of very great problems. Some people seem determined to ignore these just because they are so large, while too many others have not yet grasped their enormity.

After all it is very difficult to really understand the fact that the Americans and the Russians between them possess enough nuclear weapons to destroy the human race ten times over. Stuart Chase in his latest book *Live and Let Live: A Program for Americans*, sets out clearly, and in little more than note form, the main problems some of which, if we do not solve soon, would seem to presage the end of the human experiment.

In outlining the nature of the difficulties Chase is at his lucid best, but he, like so many others, does not produce anything very original or very convincing in the way of answers. They all contain the sort of glibness and unreality which led to the defeat of the American intellectuals by the men of affairs once the shine has worn off the New Deal. If they are to be more successful this time men like Chase should remember the lesson they failed to learn in the thirties—that politics is only the art of the possible.

R.T.C.W.

**Live and Let Live: A Program for Americans**, by Stuart Chase—*Musson*—\$4.25.

## Inventory of Living

KAREN WHITNEY, the heroine of *The Torontonians*, is a forty-year-old matron who has grown up with her native city. Using the flashback technique, the author scrutinizes alternately the growth of her heroine and the development of the heroine's background. As charted here, the two run roughly parallel, with the heroine always a short jump ahead.

Thus, by the time the city has caught up with its suburbs, Karen has already outgrown them. The city acquires sophistication and becomes a metropolitan

area; but long before this, Karen, who has been doing some sampling abroad, has taken on a quiet cosmopolitan glitter. Toronto is still going rambunctiously ahead and spreading in all directions with the end nowhere in sight; while Karen, withdrawing from the barbecue parties, the supermarkets, and the awful rivalries of executive wives, is searching her frustrations and quietly contemplating suicide.

Meanwhile, she has an ideal marriage, an attractive home, a brilliant wardrobe, and nothing to worry her except an intermittent pain which turns out to be nothing worse than a bad stitch in the side.

The novel offers an inventory of middle-class living rather than any sense of life. While Mrs. Young has a remarkable eye for surfaces and angles, neither her heroine nor her heroine's background have much internal reality.

There is enough recognizable detail to keep any Torontonian hurrying through the pages in search of familiar names and locales, but the city itself conforms to a familiar continental pattern. So does its well-groomed, well-heeled, well-documented heroine, who is almost as familiar a figure in the advertising pages as she is in fiction columns.

M.L.R.

**The Torontonians**, by Phyllis Brett Young —*Longmans, Green*—\$4.50.



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MACMILLAN OF CANADA

## Under the Christmas Tree

by Charles Paul May

FOR THOSE PARENTS, godparents, uncles, cousins, and aunts who are looking for good Canadian books for Christmas giving to good Canadian children, here is a select list:

*The Queen's Cowboy* by Kerry Wood, (Macmillan—\$2.50) illustrated by Joseph Rosenthal, covers the important moments in the life of James F. Macleod. The narrative opens with a brief look at Macleod's boyhood on the Isle of Skye, but most of the book takes place in Canada.

Mary Drever, who was present at the shooting of Thomas Scott, and who then served as a brave courier during the first Riel Rebellion marries Macleod, and the life they afterwards share is an exciting one. As an officer of the Mounted Police and as a judge on the frontier, Macleod took part in bringing order and justice to the prairies.

Jerry Potts, the guide and interpreter, also has a place in the book, as do Sitting Bull and James Walsh. All these lives are woven together with care, and the narrative is presented in a literate yet colorful style.

Joseph Schull's *Battle for the Rock*, illustrated by Lewis Parker, is part of the same series (Macmillan's "Great Stories of Canada — \$2.50). It, too, is concerned with the lives of several men, but at one vital moment in history rather than over a lifetime. Montcalm was on the rock, dedicated to its defence, while Wolfe, already a sick man, commanded a fleet and an army determined to take Quebec. Here are the dreadful events of Montmorency and the heroic climb to the Plains of Abraham, related with power and accuracy.

The men, more than the events, are what makes this a good book, however. Wolfe and Montcalm are, naturally, the outstanding figures. But Vaudreuil, Levis, Bougainville, Monckton, Townshend, and Murray are also present, heroic or cowardly, worried or over-confident, talking or acting.

The illustrators of both Macmillan books are Toronto artists, and both have ability to create mood and a feeling of action. This ability is more important in these excellent books than exact portraiture would be.

Another fast-paced, history-packed book, this one for ages twelve and over, is Fred Swayze's *Run for Your Life*, (Ryerson — \$3.50). It is a border story and John Rutherford was a real boy of the 1760's. After he was captured by Indians during Pontiac's war on Detroit, he was held as a slave.

The reader gets an interesting picture of Indian life. An account of the siege of Detroit also comes out of the story as John tries to learn what is happening at the fort. He questions new white prisoners brought to the camp, and he pieces together information from the French who live near. Finally he is convinced that he can be of help as a soldier at the fort, and with the aid of a Frenchman he escapes in the night.

The author has made good use of Rutherford's own report of his captivity, and has also gathered material from books on Detroit and about the life of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians in Canada. He puts the facts together skillfully without letting the research show.

It would be unfortunate, though, if all Canadian children's books were non-fiction or fiction based on history. There is a proper place for such imaginative novels as *The Black Totem* by Eleanor Bell (Ryerson—\$3.50).

As Bob, Gerry, Linda, and Laurie set off on a picnic by boat, they have no idea of the excitement to be uncovered along British Columbia's coast. Then Gerry enters a cave and is frightened by a strange mask and a rattling noise. Right after this startling event, an unpleasant man appears from nowhere. Even Bob becomes worried, and they decide to head for home. Fog, however, changes their plans.

On the island of an old Indian village, the stranger appears once more. By turns he is friendly and secretive. After Gerry finds the black totem wrapped in newspaper, Bob realizes why; a picture in the paper reveals that the man is wanted in Vancouver for bank robbery. Then, to complicate the situation, a hungry cougar shows up.

The story moves forward swiftly most of the time, and the young people come through as human beings. They make unfortunate moves, they get frightened, and in various other ways indicate that they are real. Although the capture of the bank robber may be a letdown for some readers, the recovery of the money and the discovery of treasure keep the plot stirring right to the end.

An original little book is *The Map That Grew* (Oxford — \$2.75) by Selwyn Dewdney and which is for ages eight to eleven. Jimmy and Peter can have a ride in a helicopter if they hike to the airfield near their home in eastern Ontario. Jimmy's grandfather, who has helped to make maps in the past, assigns them the task of bringing a map of the region up





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COLLINS

to date as they go.

The boys set out, keeping notes and making marks on an old map so that changes in it can be prepared. A ghostly old cabin, a swamp, and heavy woods do not simplify their task, but the realization that they are lost is the worst part of all. After their first panic, though, they realize that Jimmy's grandfather has prepared them for just this situation.

The author is also the illustrator, and one of the great charms of his book is the map sections and the air-view drawings that he has made of the route. It is fascinating to search among the trees and along the paths to find the two little figures that represent Peter and Jimmy. These superb drawings do more than lend enchantment, however, for little by little they help build up a child's understanding of how maps are made.

Oxford has also brought out a lovely picture book for ages five to eight — Frank Newfeld's *The Princess of Tom-boso*, (\$2.50) based on a story from *The Golden Phoenix* (French-Canadian tales collected by Marius Barbeau and retold by Michael Hornyansky — \$3.00). The beautiful princess gets everything of value that Jacques possesses until he finally outwits her by causing her to grow a long nose. After her beauty is thus diminished, he can get back the treasures.

The illustrations have a fairy-tale quality, and the colored ones are bright enough to hold the attention of any child. Newfeld, a Canadian from Europe, achieves a bold excitement rather than mere prettiness.

*My Friend Mac*, by May McNeer and Lynd Ward, (Thomas Allen — \$3.25) may well be chosen as the best beginning reader of the year. The story has humor, with a touch of sadness; there is suspense, and above all the characters and the situations are very real.

Little Baptiste of the Quebec woods needs a friend of his own, but the moose he tries to make into a personal companion remains true to its wild nature. At last the boy must face the fact that Mac the moose will not fit into his dream of friendship. Then comes the big surprise. Little Baptiste does not face a lonely future, and the new friend can also be called Mac.

Lynd Ward has won prizes for his excellent illustrations before, and he has not lost his touch in this book. There is a marvelous feeling for action, for people's mood, and for the region in which Little Baptiste is growing up.

*Friendly Gables* by Hilda von Stockum (Macmillan — \$2.95) is a wonderful family story set in Montreal. There are already eight children in the family when the twins are born, and the feelings about the new arrivals are somewhat mixed. The feelings about the woman who has come to look after them are not so mixed, how-

Make a  
"DENT"  
in your  
Christmas list...



## AND WHAT DO YOU DO?

by Mavor Moore

Have you been poked in the ribs about your job or profession lately? Has anyone taken a poetic slam at you? In this terse cartoon and verse book Mavor Moore exercises his stiletto in brisk fashion on *The Reporter*, *The Financier*, *The Soldier*, *The Artist*... well you name it, he deflates it. At all book stores for \$1.50. Drawings by Haro.

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**CHRISTMAS IN CANADA** edited by Mary Barber and Flora McPherson, offers the charm of a Canadian winter Christmas, in a series of letters, articles and essays written over the past 3 centuries; by Jacques Cartier, John Fisher, Hugh McLennan and 37 others, contemporary or long since dead. 40 gems for \$4.00.

DENT

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### A VOICE FROM THE ATTIC

Robertson Davies

A witty, robust and wonderfully opinionated book on the joys of reading and the author's own off-beat likes and dislikes. "Vintage Davies, sparkling, excellent and rare." *Vancouver Province*. \$5.00

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### MAD SHADOWS

Marie-Claire Blais

French Canada's literary sensation (*La Belle Bete*) now available in English. A remarkable first novel " . . . on the fringe of genius." *Toronto Globe & Mail*. Cloth \$3.50, paper \$1.95

### THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY

Brian Moore

The fortunes of a bumbling Irish immigrant in postwar Montreal. "superb, nearly perfect." *Toronto Daily Star*. "There is distinction in everything Moore writes." *Montreal Star*. \$4.00

(A Little, Brown book)

at your booksellers.

ever. It is generally agreed that she is someone to be outwitted.

The hideaway is exciting at first, but a secret pales if other people don't know that there is a secret being kept from them. This complicates life. And changing opinions about the twins and about the nurse add to the confusion. The oldest girl finds herself growing interested in a boy of French descent, while the youngest in the family are still concerned with dolls.

Each child develops into a personality, as do the mother, father, and nurse. Everything that is done is interesting even though it may not be wildly exciting, and altogether it could be hoped that more real-family novels of this sort would be published for youngsters no matter what the setting. The book is planned for ages eight to twelve.

### Lambs to the Slaughter

ONE CAN HARDLY accuse Honor Tracy of writing a disguised film script, but Henry Lamb, the central character in *A Number of Things* has that combination of disingenuous earnestness and naive enthusiasm which has landed Ian Carmichael in so many scrapes in so many recent British comedies. He is catapulted from the restful calm of his uncle's London office by the universal critical acclaim for his first novel *Gentlemen Prefer Gentlemen*, reviewed as a social indictment, but intended merely as a piece of mild humor.

Now mistakenly regarded as a left wing humanitarian, Henry is persuaded by the rash editor of *Torch*, a radical review backed by a West Indian businessman, to go to the Caribbean as a special correspondent. Blithely unaware of the journalistic tightrope he is being asked to walk, instead of writing about emergent culture patterns, the twilight of imperialism and racy vital turns of speech, Henry's reports deal with drunken calypso orgies, the boredom of cricket, the impossible pompous local aristocracy and the untalented local artists who have been so assiduously "discovered" by their white mentors. Since the opinions expressed in the articles are reflected in Henry's behavior, he soon becomes *persona non grata* to almost the whole population of Trinidad.

In this rise and fall of a contemporary novelist, Miss Tracy's rich vein of humor is running as pure as ever. Whether in Bloomsbury or Port of Spain, there is the same blend of keen observation and exuberant high spirits which makes her work such first class entertainment.

R.T.C.W.

*A Number of Things*, by Honor Tracy — Ryerson — \$3.

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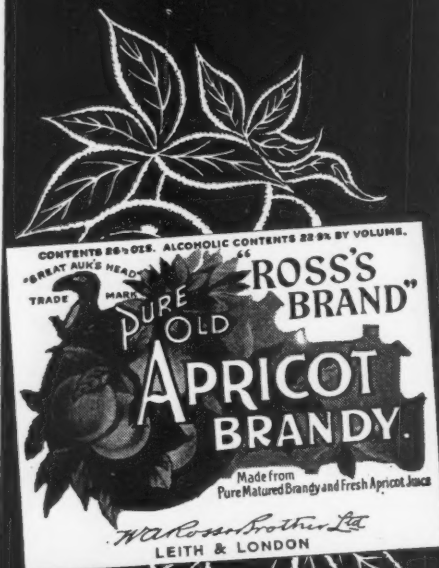
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# Insurance

by William Sclater

Looking  
for  
new  
delight  
in a  
drink?



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... another international favourite  
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## Property Cover

*We built a duplex back in the thirties at a cost of about \$20,000 for the building only. I believe it would cost about \$35,000 to build this today. We have inventoried our furniture and are greatly surprised to learn it totals \$22,800 using replacement value figures that in some cases we had to guess at. We carry \$10,000 insurance on the building and \$2,000 on the contents. I believe I am under-insured. How much insurance should we carry?—L.C.T., Toronto.*

You are under-insured, as you appreciate. But before going into the possible coverages that would bring you into line with your insurance needs, I must point out that your figure for replacement value of furniture may be misleading as to insurance. What insurance pays is actual cash value or depreciated value in the event of loss. A settee valued at \$600 12 years ago may be worth less than \$200 today, in terms of actual cash value. The same is true of furs, clothing, jewelry and all the other items that come under contents when you seek to establish an insurable value for a figure to base your insurance requirement upon.

Let us hazard a guess that the approximate coverage you require for contents value insurance is in the neighborhood of \$10,000 to \$12,000.

There are three policies you might consider to achieve proper contents insurance. The first of these is the Personal Property Floater. This is comprehensive, all-risk, world-wide protection on the personal property of the individual insured and his family, including everything that is owned, worn or used. This policy also covers the property of others on the premises or in any residence of the insured and insures any improvements, alterations or additions installed by the insured in rented residence premises.

This PPF coverage is usually written on at least 80% of total values with limits of \$250 on unscheduled jewelry, furs etc. for the loss of any one item in any one burglary. Money coverage is limited to \$100. Cost of a PPF of this type would be, for a three-year term policy, \$212.50 for \$10,000 and \$230 for \$12,000, both figures approximate.

The other way to achieve a similar type

of coverage, not quite so broad as the all-risk PPF, would be to take out a Residential (Fire & Theft) Householder's policy and combine it with an all-risk scheduled property floater on which your furs, jewelry and other valuables were specifically listed for a stated amount of insurance coverage. The Householder policy would cost about \$88 for \$10,000 coverage or \$192 for \$12,000 coverage for the three year term. Cost of the property floater would be determined by the amount insured for the various listed items.

But with these coverages I would also suggest you include a Personal Liability insurance for \$50,000. This is relatively inexpensive but gives you adequate protection against all claims for people being injured on your property, for lawsuits and claims arising also out of sports and other personal activities, including golf, tennis etc. and providing medical aid and expenses to persons injured regardless of whether it is your liability or not.

Consider your dwelling now and the amount of insurance you should carry on it to compensate you in the event of small or large loss. On the basis of the estimated replacement cost which you have given me I would recommend you purchase \$28,000 of insurance on your building. This is the minimum amount needed to qualify under the Optional Settlement clause which states that partial claims will be paid on a replacement cost basis if the insurance coverage carried is up to 80% of replacement value today.

Your next step in achieving proper insurance coverage at the lowest possible rate is to wrap these coverages up together under a single Composite Dwelling policy that will give you a saving of at least 10% on the combined premiums. With this policy you will then have adequate fire protection, with extended coverage on your dwelling and contents; adequate protection against burglary, robbery and theft at home and elsewhere; and adequate liability protection.

## Gold Bars in Boxes

*I recently purchased four bona-fide gold bars with the authentic marks. I have stored these in my safety deposit box in the head office vault of one of our large banking institutions. I already have an all-*



# THE TORONTO-DOMINION BANK

WHERE PEOPLE MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

105th Annual Statement  
Comparative and Condensed  
AS AT OCTOBER 31

## Assets

	1960	1959
Cash Resources . . . . .	\$ 291,977,395	\$ 252,552,861
Securities . . . . .	432,294,242	457,256,898
Call Loans . . . . .	225,804,091	172,045,238
Total Quick Assets . . . . .	\$ 950,075,728	\$ 881,854,997
Current Loans . . . . .	797,112,101	760,542,271
N.H.A. Mortgage Loans . . . . .	108,604,458	101,213,660
Bank Premises . . . . .	30,633,023	24,653,029
Acceptances and Letters of Credit . . . . .	16,961,256	21,146,594
Sundry Assets . . . . .	541,729	532,977
	<u>\$1,903,928,295</u>	<u>\$1,789,943,528</u>

## Liabilities

Deposits . . . . .	\$1,792,350,464	\$1,678,043,773
Other Liabilities . . . . .	9,564,064	7,552,817
Total Liabilities to the Public . . . . .	\$1,801,914,528	\$1,685,596,590
Acceptances and Letters of Credit . . . . .	16,961,256	21,146,594
Capital Paid Up . . . . .	24,000,000	24,000,000
Rest Account . . . . .	60,000,000	57,600,000
Undivided Profits . . . . .	1,052,511	1,600,344
	<u>\$1,903,928,295</u>	<u>\$1,789,943,528</u>

## Statement of Undivided Profits

Fiscal Years Ended October 31	1960	1959
Net Profit After all Charges Including Income Taxes . . . . .	\$ 6,652,167	\$ 5,462,929
Less: Dividends . . . . .	4,560,000	4,171,787
Extra Distribution . . . . .	240,000	239,951
Amount Carried Forward . . . . .	\$ 1,852,167	\$ 1,051,191
Undivided Profits Brought Forward From Previous Year . . . . .	1,600,344	549,153
	<u>\$ 3,452,511</u>	<u>\$ 1,600,344</u>
Transferred to Rest Account . . . . .	2,400,000	
Balance of Undivided Profits . . . . .	<u>\$ 1,052,511</u>	<u>\$ 1,600,344</u>
Total Provision for Income Taxes . . . . .	\$ 7,070,000	\$ 5,940,000

A. C. ASHFORTH,  
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Head Office: Toronto

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# THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

ESTABLISHED 1832 • MORE THAN 600  
OFFICES ACROSS CANADA AND ABROAD

## CONDENSED STATEMENT, OCTOBER 31, 1960

ASSETS	1960	1959
Cash, clearings and due from banks	\$ 294,164,221	\$ 260,975,131
Securities - - - - -	464,395,087	373,792,340
Call loans - - - - -	221,945,075	106,328,450
Total quick assets - - - - -	\$ 980,504,383	\$ 741,095,921
Other loans and discounts - - -	1,047,377,904	1,044,339,895
Acceptances & letters of credit -	58,693,696	29,962,403
Bank premises - - - - -	27,561,355	22,913,240
Controlled companies - - - -	10,072,118	8,248,521
Other assets - - - - -	1,113,944	935,963
	<u>\$2,125,323,400</u>	<u>\$1,847,495,943</u>

## LIABILITIES

Deposits - - - - -	\$1,942,006,822	\$1,721,044,455
Acceptances & letters of credit -	58,693,696	29,962,403
Other liabilities - - - - -	9,286,129	7,147,249
Total liabilities to the public -	\$2,009,986,647	\$1,758,154,107
Capital paid up - - - - -	26,835,789	21,579,880
Rest account - - - - -	87,474,647	66,439,640
Undivided profits - - - - -	1,026,317	1,322,316
	<u>\$2,125,323,400</u>	<u>\$1,847,495,943</u>

## STATEMENT OF UNDIVIDED PROFITS FISCAL YEAR ENDED OCTOBER 31

Profits after reserves for depreciation & contingencies - - - - -	\$ 14,749,811	\$ 12,247,713
Income taxes - - - - -	7,825,000	6,345,000
Net profit - - - - -	\$ 6,924,811	\$ 5,902,713
Dividends declared - - - - -	5,500,810	4,665,964
Undivided profits - - - - -	\$ 1,424,001	\$ 1,236,749
Undivided profits brought forward	1,322,316	885,567
	<u>\$ 2,746,317</u>	<u>\$ 2,122,316</u>
Transferred to rest account - - -	1,720,000	800,000
Balance of undivided profits - -	<u>\$ 1,026,317</u>	<u>\$ 1,322,316</u>

F. WILLIAM NICKS, *President* • J. DOUGLAS GIBSON, *General Manager*

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Lucky you. The all-risk policy should provide the coverage needed against the hazards that can befall gold bars in such safe storage without extra premium. But your agent would be startled if they ever suffered a mysterious disappearance and he didn't even know they were there. So would the underwriter. Better notify them just to be on the safe side.

### Older Drivers

I was most interested in your article on older drivers. I am now a ripe 75 myself but very fit and able. However I have had exactly the same experience and though I have asked around and offered to pay any small additional premium to restore my former \$100,000 inclusive limits coverage on my auto policy I have had no luck. You wouldn't happen to know of any agents who would insure an able older driver like me?—W.D., Toronto.

I'd be glad to hear of any who offer such facilities and also the additional premium cost.

### General Average Loss

When part of an insured cargo is dumped overboard by the Captain of a deep-sea ship to get his ship off a shoal where it has gone aground, how do I stand as the owner of the cargo?—L.B., Montreal.

One of the oldest laws of the sea is invoked when the Master of a ship finds it necessary to jettison cargo for the common good in the event of danger. This is the principle that all the owners of the cargo carried in the ship will average the loss and bear their proportionate share of the burden, regardless of whose cargo is dumped. Such general average losses may result from strandings, fires, collisions, drifting out of control, seeking refuge for repairs in a port of shelter and other perils.

It takes some time, as a general rule, before the complex accounting of a general average loss is computed. But, long before that, the shipper or his underwriter must post security to obtain release of the cargo at the port of destination; information relating to the value of the shipment must be furnished; payment must be made of the general average contribution when the assessment is complete and levied.

As your cargo is insured, your marine underwriter should look after the guarantee for you. If, however, you happen to be under-insured, you will still be liable for that portion of the loss on the general average adjustment, for which you have not taken out sufficient insurance.



## EDUCATION IS FOR ADULTS

No one's education is ever complete, as more and more people are realizing. It is a fact that there are more men and women enrolled in regular school classes for adults than there are children and young people in school full-time. A knowledge of what goes on around us and an interest in one or more hobbies can add zest and enjoyment to our 'mature' years. In its *Values in Education* series, Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada has prepared two leaflets especially for adults—'Adult Education Today' and 'Educating Yourself for Retirement'. It is hoped that these leaflets will prove both stimulating and helpful.

Also, for your convenience, Sun Life offers a *First Aid Handbook* based on the latest *St. John Ambulance* text books.

These, and the other eight leaflets in the *Values in Education* series, can be yours without charge or obligation.

Just use the coupon below.

Sun Life of Canada has many plans designed to start young people on their life insurance programmes at a time when they are in good health and the premiums are low. Don't forget Sun Life's *Guaranteed Insurability Benefit*. And for the head of the family, there's the new *Adjustable Policy*, which offers a choice of options at the end of five years. There's a Sun Life representative near you. Why not call him today?

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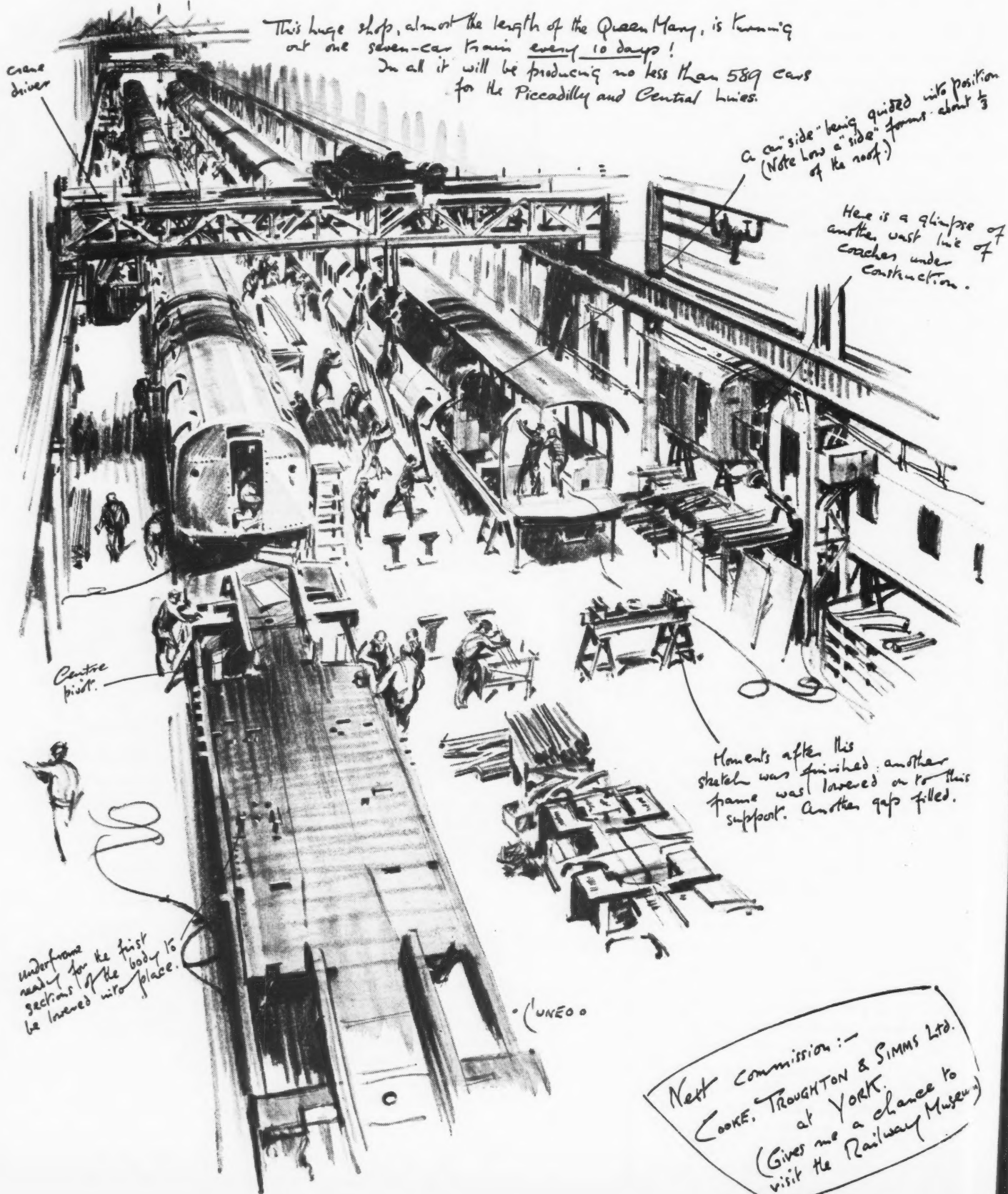
No. VII

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**BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.**

### "UNDERGROUND" ACTIVITY.

Cars for the Piccadilly Underground being assembled on "the line" in the Company's carriage shops at Midland Works, Birmingham.





The unchanged tools  
of generations, and a  
"friendly" bed of string!

A SEAT FOR TWO

slots for the  
arm rests.

Over two miles of wire  
into these "driving motor" cars,  
somewhat less in the others.

The upholstery side alone is an industry in itself.  
There is still a feeling of old world  
tradition about this craft.  
Rather nice.

Note the homemade "deck chairs."  
Good idea. This wiring up would be a  
back breaker without some such support.

WIRING FOR THE CONTROLS.

Cannot help thinking of spaghetti!  
— Electrical spaghetti.

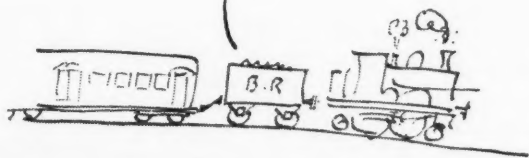
IN TRANSIT FROM ERECTION DEPT. TO FINISHING DEPT.

Something ridiculous about an Underground coach parked high  
on these "shop movement bogies"  
In the finishing dept., all interior finishes  
will be put in (even to London Transport transfers)  
and testing completed. Then, marshalled  
into 7 car trains & pulled by a steam loco  
(usually at night) the completed product  
is towed to Acton, ready to  
start its normal service.

"shop movement  
bogies"

Nursemaid to  
the cars.

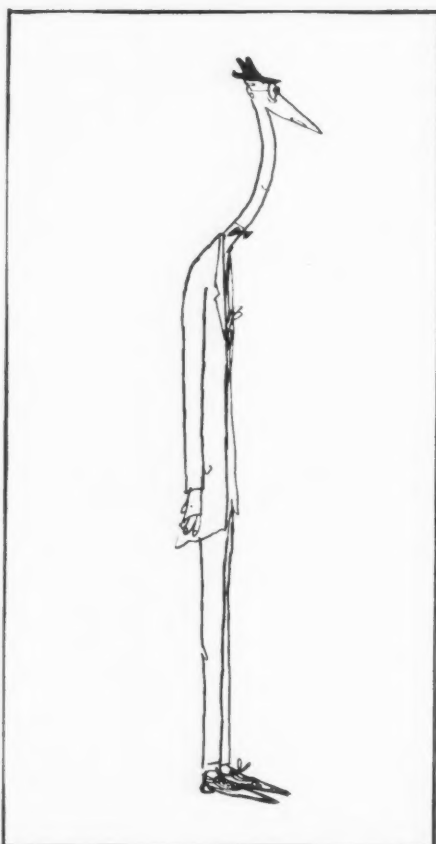
Interesting detail. For the journey to Acton  
this converted coal wagon known as the "Match"  
trucks must always come between locomotive  
and Piccadilly train, as Underground couplings  
are far looser than those of other railways.



Subjects in this series have already depicted Vickers contributions  
to travel by sea and air. These sketches made by Terence Cuneo at  
Metropolitan-Cammell, in which Vickers have 50% holding, illustrate  
one of the Group's products covering land travel. As well as  
the London Underground trains shown, all types of railway  
carriages and buses are produced for service all over the world.



TGA 0058



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That's right. Appearance to the contrary, man is the most powerful creature on the face of the earth.

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LIMITED**

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leading supplier of energy

## Gold & Dross

### Hudson Bay

*Is the Hudson Bay dividend safe in view of the decline in the price of copper? — W.V., Saskatoon.*

Policy of Hudson Bay has been to pay a generous portion of its earnings to shareholders. The 3-cent decline in the price of copper early in the fall should not endanger the dividend. Of course, if the red metal declined further it could be a different story but even then directors might decide to continue the 75-cent quarterly rate for a while in the hope of a recovery in price.

The company racked up net profit of 81 cents a share in the September quarter versus \$1.12 in the March quarter and 99 cents in the second quarter, bringing net for the nine months to \$2.92 a share versus \$2.47 in the like period of 1959.

It is an interesting commentary on the human factor in investment affairs that the most bearish views about copper are being aired by some who were unrestrained in discussing a permanent price of 45-50 cents for the metal four years ago. Copper could settle around 27 to 28 cents, and possibly rally from there since the decline has resulted in production cutbacks. If industry started to rebuild inventories the price might be pushed up five or six cents a pound.

### Bethlehem Copper

*What is the status of Bethlehem Copper? — B. F., Montreal.*

The Bethlehem property in British Columbia has undergone a check-drilling campaign, which substantiated previous exploration results. Concurrently it was examined by Sumitomo Metal Mining Co. of Japan, which has contracted to take Bethlehem's full output for a 10-year period, provided it commits itself prior to Feb. 28, 1961, to supply funds necessary to reach production at a rate of 3,000 tons daily. The Japanese would also advance funds to increase the mill rate to 5,000 tons daily within 24 months of the start of production.

Open-pit operation is considered feasible and a cost figure of 16.5 cents per pound of copper is projected in the East Jersey Zone at a rate of 3,000 tons daily, with grade and recovery at 1.15% and

90% respectively. Cost includes mining, concentrating, smelting, transportation and general overhead.

A preliminary report places the cost of putting the property into production on a 3,000-ton basis at \$7 million, provided the contractor supplied the pit equipment.

### Venezuela Power

*Have you any current information on Venezuela Power, a highly-touted investment of last year? Its collapsed price doesn't bear much resemblance to the figures projected in the prospectus. — A.O., Niagara Falls.*

It would be rare to see a new securities issue not highly regarded by those offering it for sale. You would hardly expect any merchant to praise his wares faintly.

Venezuela Power financed in the light of its then existing position and outlook, and did not anticipate that large foreign-owned oil companies in Venezuela would face an altered tax structure which resulted in a reduction in their take of power. The company is finding a switch to residential power markets costly, although all power is reportedly being sold. The securities were placed in units of one preferred and one common and the outlook for resumption of dividends on the preferred is none too clear.

This type of occurrence serves to remind the Canadian investor to confine his commitments to his own country, where he at least has the benefit of first-hand knowledge of taxation trends.

### Income Prospects

*I am considering adding to some holdings of Dominion Bonds, Bell Telephone, Consolidated Smelters and Imperial Tobacco, and perhaps going into two or three other common stocks. I am living on a fixed income and want safety first, then income, with capital gain not so important. — D.R., Newmarket.*

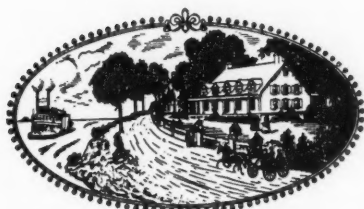
You could probably add to your present holdings but we withhold our unqualified recommendation since we do not know the relative proportions of your holdings. Certainly Bell, Smelters and Imperial Tobacco have much to commend them to the seeker after reasonable security. Capital gains possibilities in Bell are nominal.



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So Many Ways !

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of the South



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## NORANDA MINES, LIMITED DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that an interim dividend of Fifty Cents (50¢) per share, Canadian funds, has been declared by the Directors of NORANDA MINES, LIMITED, payable December 15th, 1960 to Shareholders of record November 22nd, 1960.

By Order of the Board.  
C. H. WINDELER  
Secretary.

Toronto, Ontario  
November 15th, 1960.

## LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO., LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that a dividend for the quarter ending January 13, 1961, has been declared on the capital stock of the Company as follows:

First Preference  
Shares, Cumulative 40 cents  
Redeemable Series "B" per share

The dividend will be payable January 14, 1961, to shareholders of record at close of business on the 14th day of December, 1960. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By order of the Board.

R. G. MEECH,  
Secretary.

Toronto, November 14, 1960.

They exist on a long-term basis in Smelters and Imperial Tobacco.

You might look at some preferred stocks for the balance of your funds. Yields of 6% and upwards are available in several issues with well-protected dividends, and you would enjoy the 20% income-tax credit. This is not an inconsiderable attraction for the investor for income.

## A. V. Roe Common

*I would appreciate your views on A. V. Roe common. — M.H., Winnipeg.*

A. V. Roe Canada, Limited, has interests in several fields, largely of a cyclical nature, and business volume in many of its primary markets has been at low levels.

The one bright spot in the picture is Dominion Steel & Coal, recently reported to be operating at above the average for the basic steel industry as a result of rail orders from Mexico. Roe may do better as the economy swings into high gear again but in the meantime the shareholder will have to be patient, and the possibility of the stock drifting lower in the absence of any news to perk it up should not be overlooked.

## Temagami Mining

*Would you care to guess whether my sister, who is in her late 50's, will live long enough to see Temagami Mining reach its former high of \$9, or even close to it? She and her late husband were talked into buying 300 shares at that figure from a broker friend with the assurance that it would reach \$25 within a very short time. She would drop \$2200 if she sold now. Should she salvage what she can or hold for a better price within the next year? — D.A., Victoria.*

If your family is noted for longevity, your sister might stay with Temagami. The holding might be retained by anyone in a position to gamble. If not, it should be sold. The price is considerably dependent on the price of copper.

The gullibility of the public in listening to tips on mining stocks seems to have no limits. Periodically, of course, some mining long shot hits the jackpot and those lucky enough to be aboard look smart until they lose their winnings on the next turn of the wheel.

Temagami Mining is a small-tonnage, high-grade operation. All ore found to date has been in pod-like bodies which are relatively small but rich. Those who thought the stock would hit \$25 believed that more and larger and richer pods would be found or that an entirely new ore structure would be encountered. There is no objection to this so long as it is merely speculative thinking. It be-

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## ALUMINIUM LIMITED DIVIDEND NOTICE

On November 14, 1960, a year-end extra dividend of 10 cents per share in U.S. currency was declared on the no par value shares of this Company, payable December 30th, 1960 to shareholders of record at the close of business November 25th, 1960.



JAMES A. DULLEA  
Secretary

Montreal  
Nov. 14, 1960



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Your investments, for instance. Montreal Trust has a complete Investment Department, staffed with people who are skilled in research, analysis and investment management, who can devote their full time, knowledge and experience to what you could only do in your spare time. Wouldn't it make sense to have us handle your investments?



Naturally, the same thought applies to every other service which Montreal Trust can provide for you. We have men of wide experience in all financial and economic matters. You are assured of continuing, uninterrupted attention and supervision of your affairs, based on knowledge of the past, geared to the developments of the future.

Whatever the size of your account or the nature of the service you require—investment or real estate management, estate planning or a pension fund, or any other personal or corporate trust service—if you want personal, responsible, knowledgeable advice, phone Montreal Trust. One of our Trust Officers will be pleased to give you further information.

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comes dangerous when it is held as a sure thing.

Nobody who would predict an advance in any mining stock without qualifying his prediction should be taken seriously. We do not know exactly what is meant by "assurance"; we do know securities commissions and the financial industry have good reason to be alarmed at the representations of some brokerage factors. Officials of mining companies would in many cases be horrified to hear what is being promised for their properties in brokers' boardrooms.

### Western Oils

*Is there any prospect of appreciation in value in the next three to five years in Provo Gas, Triad Oils, Devon-Palmer Oil? — H.L., Winnipeg.*

Speculative western oils are generally undervalued, and while this could continue indefinitely, the next two or three years could see a correction of some of the troubles which have plagued the industry. The three companies are producing and land-play companies in oil and in gas, which has become increasingly important since the clearance of the importation of Canadian gas into the U.S.

Gas is regarded as a possible secondary prize in drilling for oil, and this increases the incentive to undertake exploration.

A trend likely to be intensified in oil is towards mergers for economy and effectiveness. In fact, Devon-Palmer represents a merger.

### Steel Output

*I am somewhat puzzled by the pessimistic tone of the business news, which I find difficult to reconcile with an operating rate of 85% for the basic steel industry in this country. Has steel ceased to be a harbinger of the economy?—L.S., Ottawa.*

Although steel production has been running at 85% of rated capacity, some qualification is necessary. First, recent weekly tonnage figures have been below those of a year ago. Second, the 85% rate is a decline from the 100%-plus rate of the early part of the year. Production has to be interpreted in the light of a 400,000-ton increase in capacity during 1959, capacity at the end of the period being 6.7 million tons.

Steel appears to have lost some of its former validity as a business indicator by reason of the changed composition of its market. The mills this year exported metal to the UK, South America and Mexico. Thus production did not have the same implications for the economy as though the metal were consumed in this country.

2  
pleasant surprises!  
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PORTS AND SHERRIES  
IMPORTED DIRECTLY FROM  
PORTUGAL AND SPAIN  
The Don



## Labatt Position

*How does Labatt's stock look to you? — B.L., Montreal.*

The Labatt situation is not without attractions for the speculative investor.

The company achieved increased sales and earnings for the July 31 quarter notwithstanding a decline in industry volume. Net profit was \$1.3 million, an increase of 6% over the comparable 1959 quarter, and was equal to 93 cents a share on 1,435,965 shares outstanding. Labatt's increased its share of the consolidated market of Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia. During the quarter industry volume declined, mainly as a result of a 6% decrease in Ontario. The company should ring up the bulk of its year's earnings in the July and October quarters.

## In Brief

*What are the prospects of Medallion Petroleum becoming a dividend payer? — R.J., Unionville, Ont.*

Medallion was losing money on its operations at last report and prospects of a reversal, which would enable the payment of dividends, do not appear to be too pronounced.

*What became of Stannite Mines Ltd. of B.C.? Any chance of it coming to life some day? — M.D., Dundas, Ont.*

While there's life, there's hope, but in this case it isn't too strong. Stannite property was acquired by Columbia Lead and Zinc for 600,000 escrowed shares of the latter and a \$500,000 mortgage.

*How long since Imperial Oil stock was split? — M.W., Hamilton.*

1929.

*What are your comments on Canadian Int. Power? — H.A., Stellarton, N.S.*

A holding company with earnings on up-grade but recommendations withheld because operation is in foreign territory.

*When will Consolidated Mosher produce? — E.M., Stratford.*

In a year or so.

*What's Taurcanis doing? — O.H., Winnipeg.*

Conducting further exploration at depth.

*Who's paying for Nickel Mining's exploration? — J.E., Buffalo, N.Y.*

Faraday Uranium Mines.

*Has Young Davidson funds for its asbestos ground? — S.H., St. Thomas, Ont.*

Has a \$320,000 kitty.

*When should Advocate Mines commence milling? — N.J., Vancouver.*

In 1963.



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## Point of View

# Let's Halt All Immigration At Once

by W. B. Harvey

IN THE FEW memorable but neglected lines with which he concludes his chapter on *The Rent of Land*, Adam Smith tells us how we should regard any proposal for public policy made by merchants and manufacturers.

Such a proposal, he says, "ought never to be adopted till after having been long and carefully examined, not only with the most scrupulous, but with the most suspicious attention. It comes from an order of men whose interest is never exactly the same as that of the public, who have generally an interest to deceive and even to oppress the public and who accordingly have, upon many occasions, both deceived and oppressed it."

That advice from the Founder of Economic Science seems to have been overlooked by most Canadians in the continuing discussion of immigration.

A large volume of immigration is obviously in the interests of employers. Almost all immigrants are job-seekers. Our economy is not expanding fast enough to absorb our growing population at existing wage rates. Additional workers could find jobs only by lowering wage rates—which could never be the aim of public policy.

Advocates of big population may talk about our "limitless natural resources" but such talk is irresponsible and misleading. Our resources are not limitless. Our mineral resources are a fixed quantity which we are rapidly using up. Our forests are being cut down many times faster than they are growing. We are trustees of these resources for future generations. Why should we be in such a hurry to exhaust them?

There is only one economic argument for a big population that has enough merit to justify the few lines it takes to refute it, and that is the argument about the economies of large-scale production. Specialization increases efficiency. And specialization, as Adam Smith pointed out, is limited by the extent of the market. A big market permits large-scale production

and the economies that go with it. It follows that the way to use our labor most efficiently and to secure the highest possible standard of living is to produce for a large market.

The obvious conclusion—the conclusion which Smith drew and which economists have been practically unanimous in advocating ever since Smith's day—is that the correct policy is free trade by which the whole world becomes one market. The spokesmen of the manufacturing interests talk about the benefits that might flow from a large domestic market.

They forget that a market is measured not by numbers but by buying power. Five families with incomes of \$6,000 a year constitute a bigger market than forty families with incomes of \$600 a year. Canada's 17,000,000 people form a bigger market than Italy's 50,000,000.

The argument for building up a big home market would be stronger if its advocates could say that the markets of other countries are closed to us by tariffs and other barriers. The fact of the matter is that we could secure admission to the 50,000,000 market of the United Kingdom, and probably to the markets of the rest of the "Outer Seven", any time we were willing to open our markets to them.

The non-economic objections to a big population are serious. Do we want more congestion on our highways? Do we want our cities to become copies of Chicago or Los Angeles where people drive through smog for from forty to sixty minutes of nerve-racking bumper-to-bumper traffic night and morning? Do we want our beaches and resorts to become Canadian Coney Islands where so many people congregate that the beach looks like the Midway of a World's Fair?

Our population policy is increasingly an aid to our enemy in the cold war. As long as we proclaim a desire for a larger population, and as long as we actively promote immigration from Europe, we have not the slightest moral justification for our policy of practically prohibiting immigration from Asia.

If we take the position that a large population is not desirable, we have a consistent and morally defensible policy. We can point out that migration is no solution for overpopulation. The population of India alone is increasing by about five million annually. If we were to admit only that increase, the population of Canada would be over ninety million in fifteen years.

And our standard of living would be reduced to the starvation level — and India's would not be raised. Nothing but a reduction of the birth-rate will solve the population problem. Poverty is one product which the over-populated areas could export to us without thereby getting rid of it themselves.

India and Japan are carrying on a vigorous campaign against this malady called poverty, and we should certainly help them — by many, many times our present contribution. But we do not help an ill neighbour by contracting his disease. The way to reach a happier world is to improve the lot of the poor, not to impoverish the more fortunate. Immigration restrictions are, in effect, a dike behind which one section of mankind can protect itself from the flood of poverty that has engulfed two-thirds of the world.

Large-scale immigration is undesirable. Restrictions on grounds of race are unjustifiable. Correct policy would put drastic restrictions on immigration from everywhere. Aside from political refugees and relatives of residents of Canada, we should admit only individuals who have special qualities as individuals—and they should be admitted without regard for race, creed or color.

### ANSWER TO PUZZLER

Jack \$8.47, Bob \$9.45 (6 games).





PERU



CHILE



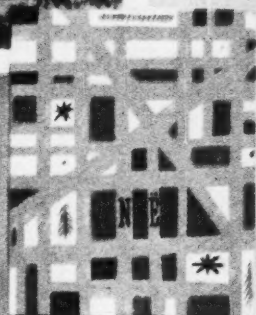
CANADA



ARGENTINA



SWEDEN



UNITED STATES



JAPAN



ENGLAND



COLOMBIA



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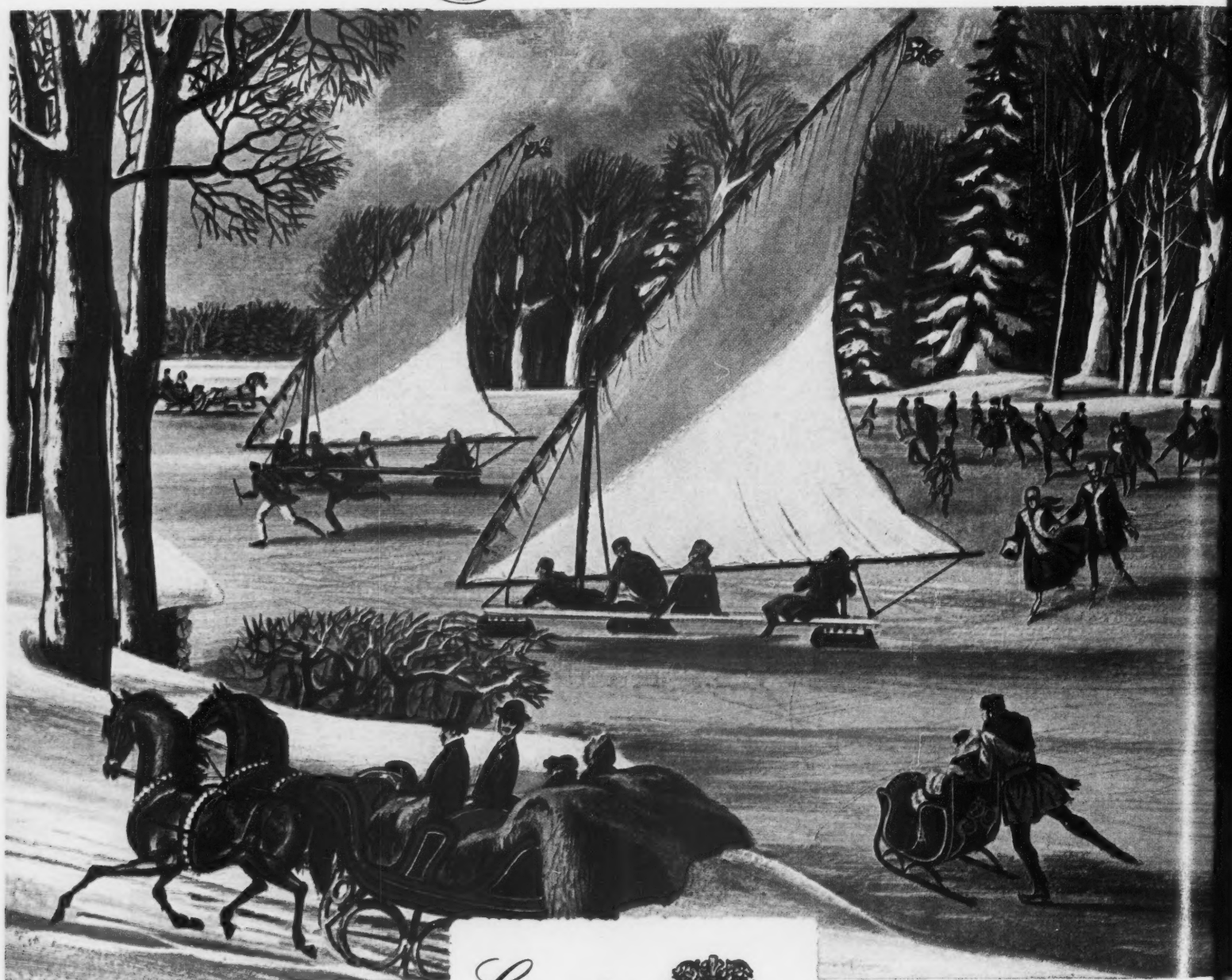
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